

Harry Potter and the Hormonal **4th Year**

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Fandom: Harry Potter

Summary: During his 4th year at Hogwarts, Harry see's the females of the school in a new light, along with being chosen for the Triwizard Tournament. Harry Harem. M for sex and possible language

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1. Chapter 1

*Now, with this new story, I decided to jump back into the the regular books, but you will notice changes in characters and relationships. And yes, its another Harry harem. Follows the same story as the book, but with changes. Also, it starts after Harry arrives at the Burrow, so no Dursleys :) JK Rowling owns all rights to Harry Potter. Long live JK Rowling! Hope you enjoy!

When Harry awoke from the dream, he woke up sweating. He had been having the same dream for weeks and it made him scared. In the dream, he saw an old man walking up the steps of an old home. As the old man stood there at the top, he listened to people. One was called Wormtail, the other was a man in black, and the final one was as pale as the moon. A snake would slither by his leg, scaring him. The snake would approach the pale white figure and speak in an unknown language. The last thing Harry would see, was a flash of green light.

"Harry?" asked a friendly voice. "You okay Harry?"

Harry Potter looked up to see the friendly face of Hermione Granger, his friend since their first year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Beside him was Ron Weasley, another one of his friends, who was still sleeping; snoring even.

"Hermione... bad dream."

"The same one, isn't it? The one with Peter Pettigrew?"

"Yeah..."

"Well, get up. Mrs. Weasley has breakfast ready." she turned to the sleeping Ron. She grabbed Harry's pillow and

smacked Ron in the face with it, waking him up.

"What the bloody hell?! What you do that for?!" yelled Ron.

"Had to get your ass up somehow! Your mum has breakfast ready!" she yelled at him before leaving.

"What the fuck did you do to upset her?" Harry asked.

"I don-" he stopped and thought. "Bloody hell! I forgot our two month anniversary yesterday! Oh shit..."

"Dude, how can you do something like that?"

"I don't know man. I honestly don't know."

When they got dressed, they arrived downstairs to see pancakes, orange juice, bacon, and sausage waiting for them at the table. Sitting there was Ginny, Ron's younger sister, the twins Fred and George, Hermione, Percy, and Mrs. Weasley.

"Boys, better get some breakfast before its all gone!" said Mrs. Weasley happily.

They both sat down without a word. Ron sat by Ginny, who was sitting by Hermione. The bushy haired Gryffindor gave Ron evil looks. Harry was happy he wasn't in a relationship, despite having strong feelings for Ginny and being the Boy Who Lived. After breakfast, the kids grabbed their bags and hoisted them up onto their backs and set off for the outdoors.

Today was the day of the Quidditch World Cup. This year, it was Ireland against Bulgaria. Normally, the Weasley's would cheer on Ireland, but Ron had a thing for a Bulgarian player named Viktor Krum, who also happened to still be a student

at Durmstrang. Last year, the match went on for five days and Percy was concerned about his work at the Ministry being delayed of the match went on for that long. As they walked through the woods, Harry paced forward to Ginny as Ron and Hermione were arguing.

"Can you believe them?" asked Ginny. "Arguing about a little anniversary. Hell, they haven't been together that long!"

"Two months." added Harry.

"Exactly! No need to be fussy over something like that."

"Yeah, I guess..." he said quietly.

"You okay Harry?"

"Fine," he lied.

"Harry James Potter, I've known you since I told you 'good luck' at Kings Cross when you were just a First Year! Since then, I've come to know you and I know when you are lying!"

"It's kinda embarrassing really, to be honest."

"Tell me or I will get Fred and George to force it out of you."

"Fine, fine!" said Harry, not wanting to be pranked by the twins. "It's just... looking at Ron and Hermione, I can't help but feel jealous. They have a rocky, but good relationship and I haven't even kissed a girl before."

"Really?" she asked, being very interested. "Why not? I'm sure being the one who destroyed You-Know-Who, I'd expect you get a lot of females coming at you."

"Not really." he admitted. "I'm just scared to talk to girls that's all."

"You talk to me and Hermione."

"That's 'cause you two are my friends. I'm good around friends. When asking them out directly, that's where it gets a little hard for me."

"Well, maybe this school year will be different."

"Yeah, I hope so."

"ARTHUR!" shouted a voice.

They all looked and saw a short man with glasses walking toward them with a tall, handsome teenage boy. Mr. Weasley shook the mans hand and laughed.

"Everyone, this is Amos Diggory. He works with me at the Ministry." he looked at the boy. "And this strapping man must be Cedric, am I right?"

"Yes sir," answered Cedric, who took Arthur's hand and shook it.

"Come!" said Amos. "We have to get to the Portkey quickly!"

As they walked, Amos was conversing with the group.

"You know Arthur, I was telling me wife the other night that Ced will have a story to tell his children one day." said Amos.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Weasley.

"The story of how Cedric beat Harry Potter!"

"Dad," started Cedric. "He fell off his broom. It was during the Dem-"

"My son, always being modest!"

The trio and Ginny didn't want to argue, but knew it was the Dementors fault. They had been around Hogwarts during the Sirius Black escapade, but were back at Azkaban, the wizard prison. Nowadays, Sirius is still on the run, but with Buckbeak the Hippogriff by his side. Occasionally he sends letters, but only in emergencies.

When they reached the top of the hill, Harry was confused on why everyone began circling around an old boot. George explained it was a Portkey, an item that could transport you anywhere, as long as it was enchanted. Using one finger, they each touched the boot and were swooped away. Before long, they landed on another hill, but this overlooked a wide camping site with a Quidditch Stadium in the distance.

"Well kids, welcome to the Quidditch World Cup!" said Mr. Weasley.

They began walking through the crowds, seeing all kinds of witches and wizards who came for the big game. Along the way, they saw Seamus Finnegan, Oliver Wood, and a few other friends of theirs. Reaching their tent, Mr. Weasley instructed them to enter. Harry entered and saw amazed that it was far bigger inside then outside.

"I love magic!" he said to himself.

"Well, pick a bunk and unpack you lot!" said Mr. Weasley.

"I call the top!" shouted Fred.

"I call bottom!" yelled Ginny.

"You would, wouldn't you, Gin?" smirked George.

"Ha ha, very funny!"

"Kids, the match starts in a few hours, so get situated, grab a bite, explore, and meet back here half an hour before hand, got it?"

They all nodded. Everyone left... except for Harry and Hermione.

*Now, I bet you can expect whats gonna happen next. Hope you enjoyed chapter 1 of my new Potter story. Hope I can upload when I can. Please Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

2. Chapter 2

When everyone had left, Hermione got up and sat by Harry on the couch. She crossed her sexy long legs, causing Harry to get an instant erection. He gulped and sat there in silence. Harry had never been alone with a female before and he was super nervous. Still, he couldn't get his eyes off of her legs. Hermione noticed this and decided to break the ice.

"Harry-"

"Yes?" he said quickly in surprise.

"Are you okay?" she asked, already knowing.

"Yeah," he said, averting his eyes. "So, what was up this morning with you and Ron?"

"Oh, he was being a complete arse! Forgot our fucking anniversary!"

"Oh yeah, he said something about that after you wailed on his with the pillow."

"Bastard deserved it! I don't know why I put up with him and his stupid arse!"

"Ever think of finding someone new? Someone who won't forget important days like that?"

"No, to be honest. I love him to death, but he can so incompetent sometimes."

"Wish I could help, Hermione."

"You can, actually." she said, turning her head to him and smiling. "I saw you staring at my legs Harry."

"Y-You did?" he said with a dry mouth. "I-I was just, um..."

"No need to lie." she said, crawling to him as he backed away. "I find it a turn on."

"Y-You do?"

"Indeed," Harry was at the end of the couch and Hermione was right on top of him. "Now, how about I show you what a real woman is and I turn you into a man?" she asked, taking her hand and touching his groin.

"W-What about-"

"They will be gone for a few hours. And Ron doesn't need to know. This'll be our sexy little secret, okay?"

"Okay," he said, finally giving in.

Hermione smiled, closed her eyes, and began making out with him. Never did he think that Hermione Jean Granger would be his first kiss. The kiss was deep, passionate, and very hot. He didn't care if he was betraying his best friend. It was to be just a one time thing and Harry would not forget this moment. Her lips were warm and soft. They even had a peculiar taste, like cherry or orange.

Harry closed his eyes and let his hands wander. They cruised her bare belly, her back, her ass, and her long legs. As he was enjoying the feel of her body, he noticed something odd. Hermione had stuck her tongue into his mouth and was wrestling with his own tongue. It was a weird feeling, but he enjoyed it. Since it seemed so easy, he began moving his

tongue around with hers, making her chuckle and deepen the kissing.

She soon moved back, thin bits of slobber came from their mouths. Hermione wiped her mouth before pulling her shirt over her head and tossing it to the floor. Harry saw that she wore a pink bra and had a size B breast. Not the biggest, but he could have fun. She moved her hands behind her back and undid her bra, also tossing it to the floor. Her pink nipples were hard and Harry instantly grew harder. She could feel it under her, so she investigated.

Hermione got off him and looked down at his shorts. Smiling evilly, she forced them down along with his boxers, revealing his six inch erection. Even Hermione was surprised on how big her was, stating that he was bigger then Ron. Harry smiled at that statement, but turned to gasping as she instantly began blowing him. Her hair was off to the side and she was working her own personal magic on him.

"Jesus Hermione! That feels so fucking good!"

She was so deep into what she was doing, that she didn't hear him. Up and down she went, sucking with every movement. Her tongue made its own movements as she blew. Those movements alone made his moan loud. He laid his head back and soaked in that pleasure. Harry wasn't sure on how many times her and Ron had sex, but it must have been a lot. Soon, she moved her head up and licked her lips.

Hermione crawled onto him and placed her tits in his face, advising him to start playing and licking them. He did as she wanted and couldn't be happier. As she enjoyed what Harry was doing, she move done of her hands down her pants and started fingering herself. Hermione was exceptionally horny, so she had him top. Standing up, she unbuttoned her

shorts and let them drop, followed by her panties. Stepping out of them, she was completely naked to him and it was a gorgeous sight.

"Damn Hermione, you are so fucking gorgeous!"

"I know." she smirked.

She got back onto the couch and positioned herself in front of him, her wet pussy hovering over his member. Harry was about to lose his virginity to one of his best friends. He couldn't believe it was finally happening. Maybe with this, he could be confident and ask girls out. Maybe Ginny. Maybe Hermione. Slowly she descended on him. Now, Hermione had taken Harry's virginity. She moaned louder the deeper she felt him inside her. Before long, he had hit the back of her vagina and felt like the luckiest man on Earth.

Then, she started to move up and down, her hands pushing against his chest. Harry watched as she gained speed, bouncing herself on him. Her small breasts swayed and jiggled much to Harry's liking. Her bushy hair began getting frizzy from all the sex that was going on. The more she bounced, the hotter she got. Harry sat up and placed a hand around her, pulling her close as she moved. His hands then began moving and he cupped her ass cheeks.

Her ass was big for her age, being only 14 years old. He squeezed them, causing her to giggle and moan. After they kissed for a second, Harry pushed them down so that he was on top. He pinned her hands to the couch and started thrusting into her at a normal speed. He stared at her as he moved. She was looking beautiful; more beautiful then he gave her credit for. Harry wondered why Ron would be stupid when it came to her. Hermione was an amazing,

smart, and funny girl and he was very lucky to be able to have sex with her.

"Harry..." she panted. "Don't stop. Please... don't."

"Don't worry, I don't plan on stopping."

As he continued, she wrapped her sexy legs around him to keep him inside. With being pinned, all he could do was thrust as hard as he could, hoping to hit her G-Spot and make her feel good. The harder he tried, the more pleasurable it got for them both. Hermione was screaming from pleasure for almost a few minutes.

"Harry!" she yelled. "Yes! Oh fuck! Harder Harry! Please! Ohhhhhh FUCK!"

He slowed down before taking himself out. He flipped her over and had her raise her ass. She did so, anticipating anal. Hermione was wrong however. After spanking her a few times, he went into her pussy again and began doing her doggy. Harry grabbed her hips and thrust fast and hard, causing his lover to groan.

He continued spanking her and humping her for the next few minutes. Curses and moans escaped both their mouths and it was the most pleasure either one had ever felt. Within a few more thrusts and Hermione's constant desire for him to finish, he did so. Stream after stream of cum erupted out of him and began filling her up. She gasped as she felt his seed enter her. Hermione fell onto her stomach and Harry collapsed on top of her.

"Hermione, that was..."

"Exhilarating?"

"Fucking amazing!"

"It was, wasn't it?" they cuddled for a few moments before Hermione sighed. "We better get dressed. The others will want to know what we've been up to."

As they started dressing, Hermione smiled.

"You know, when you wanted me to lift my ass, I was hoping you were going to anal me."

"Really? You're into that kind of stuff?"

"Yeah. I asked Ron to do it, but he finds it gross."

"Maybe if we have sex again sometime I can."

"Maybe." she said, winking at him.

3. Chapter 3

When the group met up hours later, it was awkward for Harry and Hermione. Ron gave his girlfriend a kiss and Harry could tell she was somewhat disgusted by it. He shrugged it off and stayed near them as they made their way up to the stadium. It was a long way to the stadium, but they made it their faster then they had hoped.

Inside, they went and made their way to their seats, which was at the top of the stadium, thus having a great view of the game. Along the way, they were halted and scorned by Harry's enemy: Draco Malfoy and his father, Lucius Malfoy.

"Evening Mr. Potter." greeted Lucius.

"Mr. Malfoy..." he said sarcastically.

From behind them, Ron had managed to get through the crowd and join the family.

"Blimey Dad, how far up are we?"

"Well, put it this way..." began Lucius. "if it rains, you'll be the first to know."

"Father and I are in the Ministers box." gloated Draco. "By personal invitation of Cornelius Fudge himself!"

"Don't boast Draco!" said Lucius as he shoved his cane into his sons stomach. "There's no need with these people." As they started to leave, Lucius put his cane against Harry's arm. "Do you enjoy yourselves won't you?" he paused. "While you can..." he let go and proceeded away from them.

Aside from his thoughts about Hermione, he overheard Fred and George making a bet with Ludo Bagman, an old retired

Quidditch expert. The two bet that Ireland would win, but Krum catches the Golden Snitch. Ludo accepted, knowing he would win. Arthur was able to get them away from Ludo and the group finally made it to the top of the stadium, await for the match to start.

"Ladies and gentlemen..." announced Minister Fudge.
"Welcome to the 422nd Quidditch World Cup! Without a moment to lose, let me introduce the Bulgarian mascots!"

The crowd gazed and saw hundreds of beautiful women come onto the field and dance around, arousing the males of the audience. Harry was confused, but was set straight by Ron, who said they were Veela.

"And now," shouted Fudge. "The Ireland mascots!"

The Ireland mascots were Leprechauns, but they started out as a comet, which turned into a rainbow cloud, sprouting golden coins. Many crowd members were fighting over the gold, which made a girl next to Harry laugh. He turned and saw his Quidditch team mate, Katie Bell.

"Katie!" he said in surprise. "I didn't see you there! How are you?"

"Good. Yourself?"

"Fine. Here with your parents?"

"Yeah, but they are getting drinks at the moment."

"Nice. I'm here with Hermione and the Weasley's, obviously." he laughed.

"I see that." she giggled. Her smile turned to a frown as she looked. Her parents were coming back. "After the match,

come by my tent in Sector J. I'm in the brown tent. My parents don't bother me, so we can talk in private without being disturbed." she winked at him before going to her parents.

Harry blushed deep red, which Hermione noticed.

"Was that Katie Bell?" she asked.

"Yeah," answered Harry. "She's here with her parents."

"What she want?"

"Just wanted to say hi an-" he paused as he stared below him. "Dobby?!"

"I am not Dobby, sir, but I knows him!" said a house elf sitting below him. "I am Winky."

"Winky? Well... pleasure to meet you."

"And you are Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived and slayer of the Dark Lord."

"Yeah, I am. How is Dobby?"

"Great sir! But I think freedom has gone to Dobby's head."

"Why you say that?"

"Ideas above his station, sir."

"Huh?"

"he wants payed for his work? Well, why isn't he?"

"We house elves don't get paid, no, no, no! I tells Dobby that he needs to find a family and settle down. Dobby gets into

high jinks and its unfitting for a house elf."

"Sounds to me that he's having fun."

"House elves don't have fun, Harry Potter sir. They do as they are told... and Master send me to the top box to save him a seat. Winky is awfully afraid of heights!" she shrieked as she put her hands over her eyes and began crying.

"Poor thing." said Hermione as Harry turned back.

"So, that was a house elf?" asked Ron. Harry nodded. "Weird things aren't they?"

"Dobby was weirder." said Harry truthfully.

As the game began, the Ireland team soured into the arena, prompting Fred and George to get excited.

"There's Connolly! Ryan! Troy!" shouted Fred.

"Mullet! Moran! Quigley! Lynch!" shouted George.

The Bulgarian team came suddenly into the arena, shocking and causing screams of amazement at them. The only member of the team who was recognized by nearly everyone, was Viktor Krum, widely considered the best Seeker in the game. When the game started, it got intense. The Quaffle went flying before Moran got the first shot.

After nearly an hour or two of intense Quidditch, it was over. The game was over and Ireland had won, but Krum caught the Snitch. When Ludo Bagman paid Fred and George. When they returned to the tents, Harry decided to go outside for some air, but Hermione followed.

"Harry, where are you going?"

"Nowhere, just getting some air."

"You are a real bad liar. Tell me, what is it?"

"Katie wanted to talk to me in her tent."

"Katie Bell wants to talk to you in her tent?"

"Yeah, jealous?" he chuckled.

"For one, what we had was a one time thing... maybe. Second, she just wants you in her bed."

"More reason for me to get over there."

"Just be careful. I hear rumors a few weeks before the Dementor incident, that Katie slept around on Oliver countless times."

"Really?"

"Yeah! She slept with Lee, Fred, George, Flint, Percy, all while dating Oliver."

"Damn! She really is a whore!"

"Yeah, but just be careful. If she asks to date you, say no. I don't want to see my best friend-"

"And lover." he winked. Hermione hit him on the shoulder.

"Fuck you, Harry! I don't want to see you cheated on!"

"Okay Hermione, I'll be careful around Katie. No need to hit me and injure my bloody arm!"

"Sorry," she lied. "Look, I'm still with Ron and what we had was a fling! A booty call! A one night stand or howvere the

Americans ay it."

"But...?"

"You will always be my friend and I don't want thing to ge weird between us. You can fantasize about us if you wish, but officially, we will never be together. I love Ron to death. That's how its gonna be."

"Even if he forgets your anniversary again?"

"Maybe,"

"Girls who stay with men they can't stand are idiots. Its not love, its stupidity."

"Fuck you Harry! Now, go fuck Katie Bell and I don't give a bloody fuck if you start dating her! You are an ass Harry Potter! A complete ass!"

When she left, harry shrugged it off and set out to possibly have sex in Katie Bell's tent.

4. Chapter 4

Making his way through crowds of people celebrating Ireland's victory, Harry eventually made it to Katie's tent. Walking inside, he saw her in her underclothes, a sign she was ready for bed. She wore a black tank top, low level socks, and pink shorts. Her C sized breasts were nothing to be ashamed of and this made Harry hard.

"Hello Harry." smiled Katie.

"Hey there Katie." he blushed.

"You like what you see?" she said crossing her tan legs.

He looked around. Her personal tent held a decent sized bed, a desk, closet, and a few posters of Ireland, her favorite Quidditch team. His eyes could not turn from both her legs and her cleavage, which was sticking out in his mind. Seeing Hermione naked made him imagine what Katie looked like under those clothes.

"Yeah, it's a nice room." he said innocently.

"I was talking about me."

Harry nodded slowly. The tan Gryffindor Chaser got up from her bed and walked sexy like toward him, making him nervous. She put her arms around him and felt his messy black hair while taking off his glasses.

"You look better without them Harry. You have the most gorgeous green eyes."

"Thank you." he said nervously.

"It's a shame most girls don't stop to see that. That's what I've always found interesting about you Harry."

"Really?"

"Indeed. Ever been with a girl Harry?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Who? I want to know."

"Hermione,"

"Granger?" she asked in shock. "That bushy haired book worm?"

"Yeah." he smiled. "She took my virginity this morning."

"Really?" he looked away and thought. "I thought she was dating Ron Weasley?"

"She is."

"So she cheated on him with you?"

"Obviously," he chuckled.

"Interesting..." she schemed. "Very interesting... You wanna know something?"

"What?"

"I never really liked her. Always seemed like a smart ass. How about you take me to bed and forget about her? Just for tonight?"

"I-I'd be glad to Katie." he stuttered.

Katie smiled, took his hand, and walked them to her bed. She had him sit down and began undressing. First, she removed her tank top, revealing her bare breasts and their magnificence. Throwing it to the ground, she proceeded by slowly taking off her shorts and letting them drop to the ground. Katie stepped out of the and started walking to him, his eyes looking up and down every second as her body swayed and moved with each step.

Stopping in front of him, she smiled and crouched down til she was on her knees. Harry watched as she started removing his button and moving the zipper down on his pants. He licked his lips and was just mesmerized by her beauty. When she pulled his pants and boxers down, his erected cock popped out, looking delicious to her.

"My, you are really big. Bigger then Oliver ever was despite his attempts to get bigger."

He was speechless at this point. Katie did not waste any time as she opened her mouth and went down on him. Harry watched his cock disappear in seconds and into the mouth of one of the hottest Chasers on his team. She was no stranger to blowjobs and was an expert at it. He leaned his head back she sucked and bobbed her head up and down, making this as pleasurable as she could. Harry grasped the sheets of the bed as the feeling got better and better.

Nearly a minute later, Katie stopped and rose her head. She crawled onto the bed, turned on her back, and spread her legs, revealing her pussy, which looked kind of wet. Harry got the hint and dove down to the special place between her sexy legs. He had never licked a girls vagina before, but he didn't let that stop him. Inching closer, he stuck out his tongue and began moving it up and down against her folds. She moaned a little, but it wasn't enough.

Harry knew he wanted to please her and was about to do just that. Using quick movements, his tongue moved up and down at a faster pace, pleasing Katie. Her moans got louder the faster he licked her sweet area. Soon, he made it better by inserting two fingers into her, making her moan the loudest he ever heard. In and out they went and Katie was getting excited.

She was moaning his name, demanding more, which he delivered by thrusting his fingers and licking her. When she reached the point of orgasm, she had him stop.

"Harry, I want us to come together when you fuck me." she said.

"Okay," he smiled.

Katie stayed where she was and kept her legs spread. Harry got on his knees and inched forward, his erection standing at attention. When he was close as possible, he started pushing his tip into her, causing her to groan and bit her lip. Without hesitation, Katie wrapped her legs around him and pushed him all the way in, causing her great pleasure.

"Now... fuck me Harry Potter!"

Harry pinned her arms down and began pounding his lover. At first, it was pleasant, but got more and more pleasurable as it went on. Her breasts swayed and jiggled, much to his liking. Katie's eyes were closed and she was moaning every second. He bent down and began tongue kissing her, hoping her parents wouldn't hear them. Her tits brushed against his chest and he continued thrusting in her. Between the thrusting and the kisses, Katie was able to talk.

"Yes... Harry! Fuck me! Fuck me good! Right there! Oh MERLIN! YES! YES! FUCK!"

"Yeah, like that do ya Katie?" he panted.

"HARDER BABY! HARDER!"

He did just that. With all his might, he pounded her pussy with so much force, he was actually hitting her G-Spot, making her scream. He covered her mouth with his again, but she just laughed. Harry knew he was close and Katie was too. Harry asked if they could finish soon, she nodded.

"Harry, I'm close! OH FUCK!"

"I AM TOO!"

When Harry gave a final strong thrust, both screamed as both their orgasms came to light. In a surge of amazing orgasms, the two were tired and exhausted. Katie collapsed onto her bed with high amounts of cum oozing from her vagina. Harry managed to stand up normally and grab his clothes.

"Harry..." she panted. "That was... fucking incredible!"

"Thanks Katie. It was the same for me."

"We are definitely doing this again when we get to Hogwarts!"

"Definitely! Between you and Hermione, you were the best by 1000."

"Better fucking believe it!" she stayed in her bed, still naked. "You were the best I ever fucking had."

"Oliver wasn't that good?"

"He was decent. A womanizer really. Dated Angelina, then Alicia, then me. Dumped us after he fucked us. We had sex a

few months into the relationship, but I cheated on him with multiple guys before. Kinda revenge thing for dumping my friends."

"Yeah, Hermione told me."

"Did she now?"

"Yeah. Said that I shouldn't date you because you would cheat on me like Oliver."

"I won't if you don't give me a reason too. Would you really date me Harry?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"Well, I'm not up for dating, but I could use a fuck buddy when I'm bored while doing studying for my O.W.L.'s."

"Me?"

"Who else silly?"

"I'm game." he smiled.

*I apologize to any Katie Bell lovers, but she is gonna be a bitch in this fanfic. She causes troubles for Harry and the gang in future chapters, but Harry will get her back in a way she doesn't expect! Stay tuned!

*For anyone who wants Gabrielle in this, she will be mentioned, but in GOF, she is like 8 or nine, so no sex chapter with her. I'm not that freaky ;)

*And to anyone who puts hateful comments on my smut. I appreciate everyone's opinion, but I don't care if you hate it. I will continue to write it because I love writing and its a passion. If you don't like it, read something else. For

everyone else (the people who put good comments), I will try my best to keep you entertained with these stories.

*How many of you are open to me having a Harry/Rita Skeeter in this fic? I have a potential idea for it, like she can seduce him in the broom cupboard during his interview, but I may scrap it if I don't get enough support on the idea. What you guys think?

*Finally, I need places where Harry can have sex with future girls. I already got places for Parvarti and Fleur, but I need others and I need fan ideas.

5. Chapter 5

After leaving Katie Bell's tent, he readied himself for the return to the Weasley tent. Upon returning, no one seemed to notice he was gone, other than Hermione. He snuck in and joined them as if he had been there all along. Ron was still in his Ireland make up, but was praising Krum.

"There's no one like Krum!"

"Dumb Krum?" asked George.

"He's like a bird the way he flies through the wind! He's more than an athlete... he's an artist!"

"I think you're in love Ron." smirked Ginny.

"Shut up!"

Harry was enjoying the laughs when Hermione pulled him to the side and away from unsuspecting ears. She had her classic angry face on.

"Enjoy yourself did you?"

"As a matter of fact... I did!" smiled Harry.

"Are you and Katie officially dating now?"

"No, we are more like... sex buddies."

"Fuck buddies? Well, its better then dating her." she admitted. "Was I or her better?"

Harry felt super uncomfortable with this conversation.

"I think I hear Ron calling me... see ya!" as he rushed past her, she grew even more angry. She followed him out,

preparing to scold him, but Mr. Weasley came back from the outside.

"We have to get out of here! NOW!"

The group quickly left the tent and noticed people screaming, flashes of green light, and masked figures causing chaos around the camp. Fire was all around them and wood was laid on the ground from the attack.

"Get back to the Portkey everybody and stick together!" he turned to Fred and George. "Fred! George! Ginny is your responsibility!"

Mr. Weasley quickly ran off as the Twins took Ginny and headed off. Harry, Ron, and Hermione stayed together and ducked through the area while avoiding the mysterious figures. When Ron tripped, Hermione cast a Lumos spell to see where he was. They helped him up and continued on their way. In the midst of the chaos, Harry got separated from them. When he too tripped, he lost his glasses. As he found them, a lone foot kicked him in the face and he blacked out.

When Harry awoke, the camp was black and abandoned. He could see a few dead bodies. Bodies of women, men, and children laid around the camp. It made him feel sick that someone would kill innocent people including children. He looked around for anyone, but no one was in sight. Harry was careful not to be seen if anyone indeed was still around. When he heard a twig snap, he hid behind a ruined curtain and peeked out.

He could see a man in his late twenties moving through the rubble, kicking things out of the way. The man wore a dark coat, heavy boots, and his hair was messy. He made a weird

movement with his tongue every so often that it soon became annoying. The man pointed his wand upward.

"MORSMORDRE!"

A shot of light shot out and burst in the sky, creating a massive smoke skull with a snake coming out of its mouth like a tongue. The man smiled, but was alerted to voices in the distance.

"HARRY!" shouted one voice.

"HARRY!" shouted another voice.

The man quickly vanished in sight and was gone. With hesitation, Harry got out of the curtain and headed toward the voices and was thrilled to see Ron and Hermione.

"Ron! Hermione!"

When they got together, hugs swarmed the trio. Hermione was so worried, despite her being angry with him earlier. The happiness subsided when Harry had them duck.

"STUPEFY!" shouted voices.

Near nine red shots came at them, but they ducked just in time. The shots continued for a few seconds when Fred, George, Ginny, and Mr. Weasley came running to the noise.

"Stop! That's my son!" shouted Mr. Weasley.

The trio stood up and saw a group of nine Ministry men coming toward them, wands still out. The leader appeared to be a man in his fifties, sporting a bowl hat and a bushy mustache.

"Which of you conjured it?" he asked the trio.

"Crouch, are you mad?!" objected Mr. Weasley. "They're just kids!"

"You've been discovered at the scene of the crime!"

"What crime?" asked Harry.

"Up there Harry." said Hermione. "That's the Dark Mark. It's... 'his' mark."

"Voldemort?" the group shuddered at the mention of the name. "And those figures in the masks? Were those his followers?"

"Yes," nodded Mr. Weasley. "Death Eaters."

As the rest were busy arguing with Crouch on whether or not the trio had cast the Dark Mark, another wizard who had arrived, Amos Diggory, came back from a spot filled with rubble.

"Crouch! You better come quickly!" shouted Amos as he held a wand.

"What happened?" asked a witch.

"Follow me..."

They followed until they came upon an unconscious body. It was Winky, Barty Crouch's house elf.

"What happened?" asked Hermione.

"Unconscious," said Amos "And she was holding a wand."

Mr. Crouch seemed to not notice as a few others began whispering. Amos nudged Harry.

"Bit embarrassing really."

"Why?" Harry asked Amos.

"Are you mad?!" shouted Mr. Weasley, who just came over.
"You don't honestly think a house elf cast the Mark?"

"Well, she was holding a wand." said Amos.

"What?"

"Yeah. Remember the Code for Wand Use? No non-human creature is permitted to carry or use a wand."

"That's my wand!" shouted Harry.

"Pardon?" said Crouch, coming back to reality.

"I dropped in when we were all scattered."

"Then it must've found it." said Crouch.

When they woke up Winky, the interrogation had begun. They asked her where she found it, how she cast the spell, but Winky denied it all. In the end, Winky was found innocent and that the culprit had Disapparated away before Ministry officials ever arrived. When it was all over, the group returned to the Portkey and returned home. Everyone was tired, especially Harry. Mrs. Weasley was waiting outside the Burrow, looking worried.

"Oh, you're home! How was the Cup?"

"Fine," said Mr. Weasley. Until the Death Eater attack."

"The what?!" she said in a frenzy.

"It was after the Cup. We all made it, but Crouch's house elf was there... looking guilty."

"But she wasn't!" said Hermione. "She had Harry's wand, admitting she found it. She was innocent!"

"Indeed," smiled Mr. Weasley. "Then Crouch took her for questioning."

"As long as you all are okay! Especially Ginny." she said as she hugged her daughter. "Go inside and get ready for bed."

"Yes mum." Ginny said, rushing inside.

Harry went in first before everyone else and no one paid him to mind. He knew Ginny looked upset about the whole ordeal, but didn't want to upset her even more by talking, so he headed to bed.

6. Chapter 6

Days and days after the Quidditch Cup incident, it was mayhem at the Ministry of Magic. Mr. Weasley explained it in ways that made Harry and Ron scratch their heads, but Hermione understood clearly. After dealing with getting their things from Diagon Alley, Ron was picky when it came to the most recent purchase of his mother.

"What the bloody hell is this?!" he shouted, holding a rugged piece of clothing to Mrs. Weasley.

"Ronald, that is your dress robes for this year."

"What for?!"

"I don't know. Your list said each student was to have dress robes. I got some for Harry too."

Harry showed Ron his dress robes, but it looked more like a suit than a robe. This made Ron upset and furious.

"Why couldn't I get one like Harry?"

"Money, Ronald! And... I had to get yours secondhand, and there wasn't a lot of choice!"

"It'll make me look and smell like my Great Aunt Tessy!"

"Don't mock her Ronald! She is resting peacefully in the ground miles away from here, God rest her old shriveled soul."

"Mum!" yelled Ginny. "We're gonna be late!"

"Quite right. Come you lot! Let's get going. The Hogwarts Express awaits!"

After much quarrel on the Platform and outside the train, the group got into the Hogwarts Express and found themselves a nice quiet compartment. Outside, they heard the obnoxious voice of Draco Malfoy, Harry's arch nemesis. He was talking about a wizarding school called Durmstrang and how Lucius wanted to send him there, but his mother said it was too far away. Hermione got up and closed the compartment door all the way.

"Durmstrang?" asked Harry. "That another school?"

"Yes," answered Hermione. "And its got a horrible reputation. Strongly suggests the Dark Arts."

"Where is it?" asked Ron.

"No one knows. It's a school rivalry thing Ronald. They do it so not to be found or so to protect their secrets."

"I mean, how do you hide a school like that? It's can't be bigger than Hogwarts?"

"Hogwarts IS hidden, you arse! Everyone who has ever read Hogwarts: A History knows that!"

"Only you then." said Ron. "How do you hide a school?"

"It's bewitched. Muggles find it, its possibly just a bunch of old ruins with a Danger sign outside of it."

"Think Durmstrang has something like that too?"

"Possibly. Or might have Muggle repelling charms on it like the Quidditch Stadium."

"Okay. Shame Draco didn't go there. Only thing is, his mother likes him."

After a while, Neville decided to join them. As they talked about the game, Neville lit up with excitement.

"Yeah, I saw him up close from the Top Box-"

"The first and last time that'll happen in your life time Weasley." said Draco Malfoy, who just happened to overhear.

"Go eat dung Malfoy!" objected Ron.

"So, you going to enter this year? There is prize money involved and Merlin knows your family needs it."

"Enter what?"

"How about you Potter? Going to enter so you can add more fame onto your name?"

"Either explain yourself or piss off Malfoy." said Hermione angrily.

"None of you know? Seriously?! Father told me about it ages ago. He knows top people like Fudge, you know. With brothers in the Ministry, I'm surprised you don't know. Shame really. Guess your father isn't up to par with the important people." he finished before leaving with Crabbe and Goyle.

"What a nutter!" said Ron, sitting back down.

Harry watched the outside hallway and noticed Katie Bell passing. Hermione was nose deep in her book and didn't notice. Getting up, he made an excuse that he needed some air, so he left. Catching up with Katie, he dragged her to a corner and pinned her to the wall.

"So determined Harry! We aren't even at Hogwarts yet!"

"I know that. Just..."

"Couldn't stop thinking about the fucking we had?"

"Yeah," he answered truthfully.

"All right, follow me."

She took him to a closet on the train that held many of the trunks and such. Katie locked the door and told him that she was needed by Angelina and Alicia, so they had to be quick. Before he could nod, Katie was on her knees, undoing his pants and blowing his erection. Harry instantly moaned, closing his eyes and bathing in the pleasure he got days ago from the same girl.

Back and forth she moved, blowing every inch of the boy who lived. Eventually, she went deep throat, making it more pleasurable for her and him. After a few seconds, she moved back, making a popping sound as she did so. She got up and moved her shorts down, allowing for easy access and bent over. Harry felt her smooth ass and spanked her hard. She groaned quietly.

"Yeah, I've been such a bad little cub." she said.

"And what do little cubs like yourself deserve for being so bad?"

"A good hard fucking!"

Harry thrust harder and faster, giving her what she deserved. Katie held onto a piece of luggage as he continued. Harry knew he'd be having sex with her more once Hogwarts started up again and he was thrilled about it. For a few minutes, he kept on going, skin smacking skin, he could see the ripples as he pounded Katie with all his might.

Soon, Harry moved back and had her on her knees. She opened her mouth wide as Harry started jerking himself, wanting to shoot his load into Katie's whoreish mouth. It didn't take long for that to happen as shot after shot of sperm jetted out and hit Katie in parts of her face, but some actually went into her mouth. She licked up the rest and swallowed. Katie finished by blowing him and sucking up the rest of his jizz.

"That was so good!" said Katie. "Your cum is so delicious."

She got up and got her clothes on.

"I can't wait for more of this Katie." he smiled.

"Same here." she said, kissing his lips and leaving the room.

When he got back to Ron and Hermione, they were sitting in silence. Ron was looking out the window as Hermione was reading. He got in, closed the compartment door, and sat down.

"Where did you go?" asked Ron.

"Around," said Harry. "Met up with Katie Bell and talked to her." the mention of Katie's name made Hermione jolt her head up.

"What did you talk to her about?"

"Quidditch tryouts mostly." Harry lied.

"Yeah, I bet you'll be the only one trying out for Seeker again." said Ron.

Hermione gave Harry an angry and disapproving look. Harry had a feeling that she was jealous, but why would she be?

He knew she was with Ron and what they had was a fling. No feelings were involved. True that it was an incredible feeling that he lost his virginity, but the young mind of Harry couldn't figure out why she was so mad.

"How much longer til Hogwarts?" asked Ron.

"Few hours Ronald." she got up quickly and held out her hand. "Ron, I need to talk to you about something... privately."

He took her hand and they went out. Harry had no idea what that was about, but he didn't care. Minutes later, Ron and Hermione were in the same room Harry and Katie had been in, fucking. Their moans were very loud, but Hermione had put a Silence Charm over it so they were safe. Her anger toward Harry was clouded by the pleasure Ron was giving her.

7. Chapter 7

Arriving at Hogwarts was a great relief to Harry. Setting off the Hogwarts Express, he, Ron, and Hermione made it to the carriages and got in. Their longtime friend, Neville Longbottom, joined them as he did on the train. Neville and Ron were talking about Quidditch as Harry looked out into space and his mind began to wander.

His thoughts were in a reign of confusion. Would it be normal to have fuck sessions with Katie Bell, the Gryffindor Slut? What would Angelina and Alicia think of this? Whatever the case, Harry decided to put his bet foot forward and worry about it when the time came. Still, he hoped this year would be a quiet one. No evil wizards, no more mentions of Voldemort, just a nice, quiet school year.

"Ahh!" yelled Ron, who had just been drenched by a water balloon.

"Peeves!" yelled a familiar voice.

Professor Minerva McGonagall came in rushing towards Peeves, the Poltergeist, Hogwarts honorary mischief maker. She slipped on some water and was about to fall when she caught onto Hermione's neck, preventing the fall.

"Sorry Miss Granger."

"It's okay Professor." said Hermione happily. They all looked up at Peeves.

"Not doing nothing!" he shouted. "Already wet, aren't you? Wheeeeeeeeeee!"

"I swear Peeves, the Headmaster will hear about this!" said McGonagall.

Peeves stuck out his tongue and vanished in thin air. Professor McGonagall gathered herself and instructed everyone to enter the Great Hall, which they did. The trio found some seats and sat down near Neville, Dean Thomas, and Seamus. As they talked with Nearly Headless Nick, the Sorting had started. When it was over, Dumbledore stood up at his golden owl podium and began.

"Welcome, welcome, to another year at Hogwarts! First off, it is with great sadness that I must announce the Quidditch Cup will not take place this year!"

"What?!" whispered Harry, who looked to Fred and George, who too were looking shocked.

"This year, we are playing host to an eve-"

The doors to the Great Hall opened and a man in a rugged coat appeared. He used a cane, had an artificial eye, and had scars upon his face. The majestic ceiling above them and began to thunder. Everyone was in fear, but the man drew his wand and shot a stray of light upward, canceling out the thunder. Afterward, the man approached the teachers table and shook Dumbledore's hand.

"May I introduce, Professor Moody, your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher!" he said as Moody took a seat near Snape. "Now, as I was saying... this year Hogwarts will play host to a legendary event: The Triwizard Tournament!"

"You're JOKING!" shouted Fred.

"I am not joking, Mr. Weasley. Now for those of you who do not know, the Triwizard Tournament brings together three school for a series of magical contests. From each school, a single student is selected to compete. The Tournament itself was disbanded over a century ago for the... death toll."

"Now, our own Ministry has decided to attempt another resurrection of it. The tournament itself will begin in October and that is when the other schools will arrive. For those of you who are curious, the other schools are Durmstrang and Beauxbatons. They will arrive on Halloween and the decision on who will enter will be made then. The winner will gain eternal glory for their school and a 1000 Galleon prize.

"I'm going for it!" whispered Fred.

"As much of you are eager to enter, there has been a new rule instated by Bartimus Crouch and Minister Fudge. No one under age, that is under 17, is allowed to enter."

Dumbledore's voice was sounded out by voices of outrage.

"SILENCE!" the hall went quiet. "Finally, when the other schools arrive, I hope you will show them the respect and manners we at Hogwarts expect. Now, it is bedtime. Chop chop!"

As they all left the Great Hall, Fred and George were outraged. Ron was bummed too because he wanted to do something worthwhile, but it was impossible now. Harry seemed less concerned about it as much as Hermione. Before they reached the Common Room, Harry stopped Hermione so he could talk to her. Ron didn't seem to notice, but was agreeing with Fred and George.

"What is it Harry?" she asked, forcing away from his arm.

"You haven't been the same since I told you about Katie! Now, what is eating you?"

"You want to know what's eating me Harry?" she asked angrily.

"I do!"

"Well, it hasn't been the same since we had sex! I haven't been able to look at Ron the same since!"

"You guys went and fucked before we got here! And it was after I told you I met up with Katie!"

"We did fuck, but I pictured it was you! You... are just so much better than Ron! Better looking, better lover, hell, even a better kisser!"

"Then break up with him if you don't want to be with him!"

"I... can't. Not a lot of girls find him attractive and I don't want to be the one to ruin it."

"Well, you better hope he doesn't find out about us or it could be disastrous."

"I know! This guilt is feeding on my insides like a parasite."

"Look, let's sleep on it. I'm heading to bed."

"Wait Harry!" she said.

"What?" he asked, but was silent as she grabbed his face and gave him a deep kiss. She moved back and headed inside, giving him a smile.

"Bloody hell." Harry said to himself. "How did I get myself into this mess?"

After saying good night to everyone, Harry rested his head on the pillow of his familiar bed. He turned on his side and new images came into his mind: being named Champion, winning the tournament, Hermione and Cho, two girls he deeply had feelings for. Still, he hoped Ron would never

know about him and Hermione. With that image, his eyes fell and he fell asleep.

When Harry awoke the next morning, he got dressed and arrived downstairs to the Common Room. Ron and Hermione were cuddling on the couch, reading their new schedules. Neville handed Harry his and joined his two friends, who were on their way to the Great Hall. Inside, they sat down and examined their schedules.

"Not bad..." said Ron. "Herbology with the Hufflepuffs, Care of Magical Creatures with Hagrid... Damn it!"

"What?" asked Harry.

"We got Hagrid's class with the Slytherins."

"Fuck!" said Harry quietly.

"Oh, it shouldn't be that bad you two!" said Hermione.

"Well, you ain't the one with Double Divination!"

"Very true. That old bag Trelawney is nothing but a fraud! Always predicting your death."

"Yeah, she comes up with one every few months."

"Wonder what kind of things she will have us do this year." asked Ron.

"Knowing her it'll be something stupid." said Harry.

"What you think Hermi-" he stopped as he saw his girlfriend stuffing her face with toast. "Bloody hell, you're eating more than I do!"

"Sorry," she said, gulping down her food. "I'm just thinking of how I can make a stand against the inhumane things that House Elves are subjected to."

"yeah, and you were grinning." said Ron, grinning.

As he ate his breakfast, he could see eyes looking at him. Looking around, he saw girls from Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and even Slytherin giving him a very special look. He shrugged this off and finished up his breakfast before getting a head start for Herbology. Walking to the Greenhouses, he couldn't help but admire the scenery. It was beautiful, sunny, and not so cloudy. A perfect day.

*Hope you enjoyed this Chapter. Up next is a sex chapter with a Hufflepuff! Which one? Stay tuned!

*Should I do a chapter with Harry/Astoria Greengrass? I mean, she is 12 and Harry is 14. Any of you want a Harry/Astoria chapter?

*And because of positive comments, I am going forward with a Harry/Rita chapter in the future. Please Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

8. Chapter 8

When Harry arrived in the Greenhouses, he moved to Greenhouse 5, which was the place for the 4th Years to gather. Entering, he noticed that only one person was in there and it wasn't Professor Sprout. In fact, the girl that stood there was tall, blonde hair, and wore the Hufflepuff colors.

"You're early Hannah." said Harry.

"Oh, Harry!" shrieked Hannah Abbot. "You scared me!"

"Sorry," he admitted. "What you doing here so early?"

"I came to ask Professor Sprout something, but she said to wait for half an hour. That's when class starts. What are you doing here early?"

"I needed time away from Ron and Hermione."

"Oh, okay." she chuckled. "How are they?"

"Don't really pay attention, to be honest."

"I see. To be truthful, I can't stand them being together. I got nothing against Ron or Hermione, but they don't seem right for each other."

"Why you say that?"

"I don't know. Just something about them doesn't seem right."

"I bet. Any special guys you got an eye on?"

"I do, but it's embarrassing."

"Come on Hannah, we're friends. You can tell me."

"Okay! It's... Neville Longbottom."

"Really? I thought you'd be going after Ernie or Justin."

"Nah. Neville is... special. Something about him makes me so... fucking wet and horny." she said unexpectedly.

"Wait, what?" said Harry loudly.

Hannah began walking over to Harry, her legs and curves moving in a way that made Harry get an instant erection. He never noticed it before, but something about Hannah made him realize that she was a beautiful girl. Harry never looked at her in a sexual way, but this seemed to change his mind. When she got to him, she leaned in close to him.

"Didn't you just say you had feelings for Neville?"

"Harry, I'm not the type of girl who asks a guy out. If he wants me, he's gonna have to ask me out himself, even if I have to lay hints at him. And..."

"What?" he asked, scared.

"We have half an hour to kill. Let's have us some fun." she said before kissing him.

Harry didn't object to the word of a beautiful woman and let her lips smack against his. His eyes closed as he embraced the warmth of her cherry flavored lips. Harry put his arms around her and pulled her close, their chests touching. Hannah ran her fingers through his black hair as she started to put her tongue into his mouth. Harry felt aroused by this and began massaging her tongue with his own. The

exchange of saliva got them both horny and Hannah let him know by grabbing the bulge in his pants.

With sudden ferocity, Harry quickly picked Hannah up and sat her on a nearby table while still tongue kissing her. Once on the table, Harry backed off and removed pants until they and his boxers were around his ankles. Hannah got a full view of his erection and this pleased her. She spread her legs, allowing him in. He rushed to her and began unbuttoning her white shirt. When he removed the last button, he saw that she wore a red bra.

"I thought you were a Hufflepuff? Where is the yellow?" he smirked.

"I am... but when I look for some cock, I always wear a red bra."

"Well, good thing I'm here then."

He undid the bra from the front and moved them aside, allowing access to her C sized breasts. Harry leaned his head forward and began licking on her nipples. As he did so, Hannah tilted her head back and bathed the pleasure she was receiving. His hands ran around her, feeling every inch of skin that he could. Hannah was smooth, sexy, and one of the softest girls he had ever been with, counting Hermione.

Hannah pushed him back slowly and unbuttoned her pants, taking them off along with her Hufflepuff panties. Harry saw her vagina, which looked precious. He was sure it was like the Forbidden Fruit from the Garden of Eve. Harry wondered if she was indeed innocent.

"Harry, I'm not a virgin, if you are wondering. Ernie took it over the summer."

"That bad huh?"

"It was... decent at most. Still, he didn't have as big a cock as you."

This made Harry feeling much better as he prepared to enter his golden haired lover. Keeping her legs spread, she moved her hair back so to get a good look at the Boy-Who-Lived as he entered her. At first, it was painful, but Hannah got over it rather quickly. As he inched in more, Hannah grasped the edges of the table as pleasure increased.

"Damn Hannah, you're so tight."

She was speechless as Harry got his entire member into her. Slowly, he moved back and forth, thrusting into her tightness very carefully. Hannah closed her eyes and sighed, followed by a loud moan. For a few minutes, he kept up his speed, but increased every so often. Soon, he was close and Hannah knew it. She had him move back, which he did. That was when she got off the table and turned around, bending over and shaking her ass at him.

Harry gently felt her smoking hot ass, followed by a spanking. Hannah groaned at the impact. As he prepared to enter her pussy, Hannah stopped him. She looked back at him and smiled.

"Anal me Harry."

"Anal?"

"I am curious about it. Some of my Muggle friends say its hot."

Harry nodded, spread her ass cheeks and gently poked her anal hole with his tip. She shivered, but didn't let it effect

her. Slowly he penetrated her, causing her to groan in pain. Harry stopped quickly and was about to pull out when Hannah shouted for him to go deeper. After hesitation, he agreed and pushed.

"OH FUCK!" shouted Hannah.

The deeper he went, the more painful it was for her. When he was all the way in, Hannah nodded. Back and forth he moved, thrusting in and out of her ass. The screams were loud enough to alert the entire school, but the Greenhouses were very isolated. He was slow at first, but sped up once Hannah had gotten used to it.

"HARDER HARRY! FUCKING HARDER!"

And harder is how he went. Back and forth, and fucking her like a pro, it was like a sex hungry monster took him over. She was so tight, it felt super amazing. As skin impacted skin, ripples went through her ass and it was making the table shake violently. Moans, screams, and groans escaped their mouth with each thrust and it was like heaven.

"Hannah!" he shouted. "I-I'm close!"

"Come Harry! COME IN MY ASS!"

With a final thrust, he erupted. Stream after stream shot into her most precious hole. When he shot his last bit of sperm into her, he moved back and gathered his pants as did Hannah. Once they were all dressed, Hannah swished her wand and a sweet smell overcame the area where they fucked.

"Damn Hannah, that was so awesome!"

"I'll say." she giggled. "Never thought I'd have such a fun time with you Harry."

"Me either. You're definitely better than Ernie, that's for sure."

Harry chuckled as the other students came in along with Professor Sprout. Harry waved by to Hannah, who waved back as she joined her friends. Harry joined Ron and Hermione and the class began.

"Today class," started Professor Sprout. "We will be talking about the origins of Gillyweed..."

*Hope you enjoyed the chapter! Stay tuned for more awesomeness!"

*And for any of those who are wondering, this is NOT connected to Sex Year/Sexy Hallows. It's its own story.

9. Chapter 9

After the awkward Herbology class, Harry, Ron, and Hermione headed for Defense Against the Dark Arts, taught by Professor Moody. Along the way, Harry couldn't help but keep thinking about his meeting with Hannah. Ron snapped him out of it quickly.

"Harry, I still can't believe Dumbledore got us Mad-Eye Moody as a teacher!" said Ron.

"Mad-Eye?" asked Harry.

"His real name is Alastor Moody." said Hermione. "From what I heard, he's a famous Auror."

"Auror?" asked Harry again.

"Dark Wizard Catcher." stated Ron. "Bloody hell, he's responsible for half the cells in Azkaban. Rumor has it he's mad as a hatter though."

"He can't be that bad."

"Trust me mate." said Ron. "I know what I'm talking about."

In the classroom, Harry was seated next to Lavender Brown as Ron sat with Hermione. Moody came out of his office, stumbling on his hard wood cane and proceeded to his chalk board and began writing. In seconds, he spelled out his last name before turning to the class.

"Alastor Moody. Ex-Auror, Ministry malcontent, and your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. I'm here because Dumbledore asked. End of story, good-bye, the end!" he paused. "Any questions?" the class stayed silent. "Now,

today I will be demonstrating the three Unforgivable Curses. How many of you know them?"

A few students raised their hands, including Ron. Moody looked around the room with his magical eye and looked down at Ron, who was looking very nervous.

"WEASLEY!" shouted Moody.

"Yes?" answered Ron suddenly.

"Name one of the Curses."

"Umm... my dad did tell me about one.. the Imperius Curse?"

"Ah, yes. Your father would know all about that. Gave the Ministry a bit of grief a few years ago. Let me show you why."

He went to one of his cabinets and grabbed out a rather bizarre and large spider. He pointed his wand at it and said "*Engorgio!*" Setting it down on a close desk, he pointed his wand at it again.

"Imperio!"

Using his wand, he made the spider do all sorts of tricks, like tap dancing. Soon, he got very serious. Harry, distracted by recent memories, jumped as Moody had the spider jump to his desk and start dancing like a crazy thing. The class started laughing at the spiders misfortune. Everyone except Moody.

"Funny isn't it? You'd like it, would you, if I did it to you?"

The laughter died down rather quickly.

"Total control!" he shouted. "That is what the Imperius Curse does. If I wanted to, I'd make the spider drown herself, or

maybe go down one your throats. In the past, it was hard for any Ministry official to know who was under the Imperius Curse or acting on their own free will."

"Can it be repelled?" asked Padma Patil.

"Indeed Ms. Patil. For a bit of the year, I will teach you to resist it, but it takes real strength of character to do so. And remember these two words: CONSTANT VIGILANCE! Scores of witches and wizards claim that they only did You-Know-Who's bidding while under the influence of the Imperius Curse, but here's the rub! How do we sort out the liars?" he sat the spider down. "Anyone know another Curse?"

Hermione's hand shot up and so did Neville's, much to Harry's surprise. Moody noticed this as well.

"What's your name?" he asked Neville.

"N-Neville Longbottom."

"Been a long time Longbottom. Not since... name a Curse."

"The C-Cruciatius Curse." he said after a long pause.

"Correct! Come..." he had Neville go to the front desk. "The Torture Curse." he aimed his wand at the spider. "Crucio!"

The spider instantly started twitching, screeching, and writhing in pain. Neville watched as the spider twitched in pain and it became painful for him as well. Hermione noticed this and became impatient.

"Stop it!" she screamed. "Can't you see its bothering him, stop it!"

Moody looked up and moved his wand away. The spider still moved but just barely. He patted Neville on the shoulder and instructed him to sit down. Moody brought the spider to Hermione and Ron's desk and sat it down.

"Name?"

"Hermione Granger..." she whispered.

"Well Ms. Granger, perhaps you can give us the last curse?"

Her head shook.

"No?" he aimed his wand at the spider. "Avada Kedavra!"

A shot of green light shot out of the wand and hit the spider, killing it instantly. Harry saw and clutched his fist. That was the Curse that Voldemort used to kill his parents. The one Curse that he had survived when the madman tried to kill him as a baby.

"The Killing Curse. The last and worst of all the Curses. Unblockable. Only one person is known to have survived it." he turned to Harry. "And he is sitting in front of me."

Harry looked up at Moody and frowned. After class, The trio headed down the stairs and saw Neville staring out the window, enjoying the rain as it fell down. Hermione looked very concerned.

"Neville? You alright?"

"Why yes Hermione. What's for dinner?"

"Blokes completely lost it!" said Ron. Hermione elbowed him with force, causing Ron to bend over in pain.

"Son?" asked Moody, who had made noise as he came down the stairs. "You all right?"

"Yes Professor." said Neville quietly.

"Come with me, I want to show you something."

As Neville followed Moody, the trio proceeded downstairs, but Ron was still in pain. When he asked for some help, Harry kept quiet.

"Shrug it off you fucking pussy." said Hermione angrily.

Once their lessons were finished, Ron and Harry were in the Common Room, studying, when Hermione came in with a box. They gathered around as she opened it and saw about fifty badges with different colors on them.

"What's this?" asked Harry.

"Badges I got for S.P.E.W." said Hermione.

"For what?" asked Ron.

"Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare."

"Yeah? How many members for spew?"

"Not spew, you dumb arse! S.P.E.W... and three if you two join."

"What's it for anyway?" asked Harry.

"I've been doing research," started Hermione. "And Elf enslavement has gone back centuries! And I can't believe no one has done anything about it until now."

"Hermione, it's simple!" said Ron.

"Then enlighten me Ronald!"

"They like it! They like being enslaved!"

This made Hermione pissed off beyond belief, causing her to punch him in the face, breaking his nose. Ron kneeled on the floor as Harry kneeled down to help him.

"And no, I'm not fixing your bloody nose!" shouted Hermione.

"Come on Ron, I'll take you to the Hospital Wing."

"You know what Ron?" she shouted as they left. "You and I are through! Hear me? THROUGH!"

*There it is! The break up that you guys were anticipating! Stay tuned for a sex chapter with a Slytherin! Please Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

*And I decided to have Astoria at age 13, so it wouldn't be creepy for Harry to have sex with a 12 year old

10. Chapter 10

The next morning, Harry came down to the Common Room and began hearing people whispering. From what Seamus and Dean told him, Ron and Hermione had officially broken it off. Apparently, she had come into the Hospital shortly after sending Ron there and was threatening to pummel him to pulp, but was stopped by Madame Pomfrey. Harry sat down near Ron, who's nose had been fixed quite quickly by Pomfrey.

"So, she broke it with you mate?" asked Harry.

"Yeah. Truth be told, I don't know what I did to deserve it."

"Really? You seriously don't know why?"

"No, I don't. Explain it to me?"

"Well, from what she told me in the past and from the past few days, you've been a jerk to her."

"How?"

"Not remembering your anniversary, mocking Neville, making fun of her S.P.E.W. thing, and some other stuff."

"Damn..." Ron admitted. "Never thought I was such a bad guy. God, I feel bad now."

"It's fine." Harry said as he patted Ron on the back. "You'll find someone new."

"I hope this won't effect my friendship with her."

"Yeah, I hope the same."

As soon as he said that, Hedwig came flying into the room with a note from Sirius. Reading it, he understood that his Godfather had heard rumors around and his scar was another one. Sirius wanted Harry to keep his friends close and to give them his best. Harry sat it down and began writing a response letter and telling Sirius that he was fine and it was all fine.

With that, he headed out to the Owlery, where he would use a different owl to mail it for him. Once he got to the always dirty Owlery, he bumped into an old foe of his: Pansy Parkinson. Even for Harry, she was fairly attractive, sporting short black hair, a meager expression, and sparkly new robes.

"Potter. What are you doing here?"

"Mailing something. You?"

"None of your business!" as soon as she started to leave, she remembered something. "You know something Scar-Head?"

"What?" Harry asked, annoyed.

"I couldn't help but notice something new about you." she said as she stepped close to him.

"And that would be...?"

"You are no longer the Boy-Who-Lived, but now the Man-Who-Lived. You matured."

"I did?"

"Yes... you lost your innocence, didn't you?"

"Uhh..." he said as a bulge came into his pants, causing her to look down.

"Well, well, Potter is a dog."

"Woof?"

"Maybe you can do something for me that Draco can't ever do."

"What's that?"

"Fuck me."

Before Harry could say another word, Pansy had kneeled in front of him and pulled down his pants and boxers, exposing himself. Without much hesitation, she took his erection in her warm hands and stuffed it into her mouth, slowly going back and forth. Harry moaned loudly at this. Never had a girl been so quick to blow his sausage like that.

"Pansy!" he whispered. "Oh Merlin."

Instead of moving back and talking to him, she continued to pleasure him, sucking him and using her tongue to add more to his experience. One of her hands moved and she started cupping his balls, desperately trying not to squeeze them too hard. Being on his foes, she wanted to cause him some pain, but she was feeling generous that day.

For a few more minutes, she blew him so much that he was close to orgasm. Hearing this, Pansy pulled back and looked up at him, a smile coming onto her snake like face. She stood up and unbuttoned her shirt and bra, letting him have access to her C sized breasts. Pansy leaned against the wall that was near the Owlery stairs and posed sexily for him.

He walked over to her and lifted up one of her legs and began suckling and licking each of her two nipples. Pansy moaned quietly at this and had Harry let her leg down. As he licked them, his hand moved into her pants, where he found her already wet pussy and started fingering her. Instantly her eyes widened and her mouth gave a great big 'O'.

"Fuck!" she said.

He soon stopped licking her and pulled down her pants, panties and all. He got a good look at her somewhat hairy vagina and saw her lift up a leg for him. Harry took her leg and had it wrap around him. Slowly, he positioned his cock at her entrance and pushed in. Pansy didn't groan from pain, since she had done this before. It didn't take long for him to get all the way inside her.

"Fuck me Potter. Fuck me!"

He didn't say a word. As he was about to thrust into her, her other leg wrapped around him, keeping him within her grasp. Because she was so wet, he had an easier time thrusting in and out of his arch enemies girlfriend. This was twice now he was having sex with a woman that was taken, the first being Hermione, but that hadn't lasted long.

"Yeah Potter!" Pansy screamed into his ear. "Fuck me! Yeah! OOOOOHHHHH! RIGHT THERE!"

"Like that, do ya Pans?"

He couldn't get a word out of her since her moans made it clear he was doing something to her that Draco couldn't. First once, he felt immortal, like he was the most craved man in the entire world, or at least at Hogwarts. As he continued to do her, her arms wrapped around his neck and she pulled him in for a kiss. They kissed furiously, sticking their

tongues in each others mouths and having the best time while at it.

Harry let her down and turned her around, asking her to bend over. She did so and eagerly awaited him. Quickly, he thrust into her already wet cunt and continued plowing her like the naughty snake she was. Every hit of skin made her ass ripple and it went through her entire body. She was being fucked so good, he screamed at him.

"Faster Potter! Harder too! FUCK ME POTTER!"

He did as he was instructed. Although, being faster and harder was a bit much for them both since they came instantly at the same time. Their juices joined forces and oozed from her pussy, causing Harry to move back and rest on the steps. Pansy inched down to the floor and onto his knees. They both panted heavily until she turned to him.

"Fuck Potter! That was... the most amazing fuck I ever had in my whole damn life!"

"Yeah?" he panted. "You gave me quite possibly the best blowjob I ever received."

"I have that gift." she winked at him. "And the others will want to hear about this."

"Others?"

"My Slytherin friends. You know, Daphne, Tracey, and even Astoria."

"Why her? She's 13."

"So? She's old enough to enjoy a good fuck."

"Well, as long as they don't tell anyone else, then okay." he looked down at his cock, which was still oozing cum. "Can you clean me up Pansy?" he asked, pointing at his cock.

"Sure," she said, coming over and blowing him again.

A minute later, she was done and quite happy by the result of seducing him.

"Better then Draco?" he asked

"Fuck yeah! A trillion times better."

"You dating him?"

"Yes, but it's been only a few weeks. Had sex on the first date too. It was grand, but not as amazing as us."

"I bet."

"And do you want to know something?" she asked as she got dressed and was about to leave.

"What's that?" he asked, putting on his pants.

"You are bigger then he is." she winked before leaving.

*How'd you enjoy this one? And I don't know who I want Harry to end up with. I already did Hermione in Sex Year/Sexy Hallows, and I got some stories going on with Harry/Tonks and Harry/Angelina, but I want someone different for him to be with at the end of this story. As much as I love the Harry/Hermione pairing, I don't wanna do it a second time. Please Follow, Favorite, and Review :)

11. Chapter 11

As it was near the beginning of October, the trio, who had become more distant since Ron and Hermione's breakup, walked to the bulletin board in the Common Room and sat an announcement for the arrivals of Durmstrang and Beauxbatons. As they went to the couch to do some weekend homework, Hermione overheard some girls talking about how they hoped the Durmstrang men would be attractive.

"Honestly!" she said to Harry. "I can't stand girls who only care if a guy is handsome."

"Lockhart," Ron couched innocently. Hermione ignored him.

After half an hour, Ron left to go see Dean and Seamus near the One Eyed Witch Passage. When he was gone, Hermione quickly expressed herself by leaning into Harry and kissing him. Harry jumped back, utterly surprised by the move.

"What was that for Hermione?"

"I couldn't do that with Ron here, now could I?"

"I thought what we did at the Cup was a one time thing?"

"Harry, Ron makes me very stressed. Even when he's not saying anything, I feel stressed. Nowadays, I need you to take the stress away... by having sex with me."

"Are you sure? What if Ron catches on?"

"Please, he's too stupid to remember what he ate for breakfast this morning."

"Eh, that's somewhat true. Okay, why not?"

Hermione put down her book, which was an odd thing, and took his wrist. She dragged through the portrait hole and into a nearby closet, which Filch never used. Hermione closed it and locked it, then cast a anti-spell around the area so no one would be suspicious. Harry could tell that she was extremely horny and confirmed it when he saw a look of lust in her eyes.

"Harry," she began as she started taking off her robes with Harry doing the same. "I've been wanting you again since the Cup and it's been killing me not having that huge sausage of yours inside me!"

"What about the train? When you and Ron fucked?"

"I felt disgusted by it. I just imagined it was you. Hell, I almost said your name a few times."

"Really?" he asked, blushing.

"Yeah. Now, enough talk Harry! Let's get to fucking!" she said as they both got naked and she pushed him onto a chair behind him.

She quickly kneeled before him, spreading his legs and staring at his erection. Hermione licked her lips and took the throbbing member and gave it a nice long lick, making him moan. After giving him a few more strokes, her mouth opened and she put his entire length in her mouth, sucking and bobbing her lover. Harry moaned his loudest, knowing that Hermione had slightly given him a better blowjob then Pansy.

Even Harry was amazed by how much she was able to stuff into her mouth. He shuddered as he tongue began moving around, licking every part of him that she could manage. His head tilted back and his eyes closed. Harry bathed in the

pleasure that Hermione was giving him and he hoped he could return the favor.

A minute later, Hermione stopped even when he wasn't close to orgasm. Harry objected, but Hermione said it was her turn to be pleased, so she had him get up and she took a seat. She spread her sexy and smooth legs and used two fingers, allowing him to see her precious pussy. Harry went onto his knees and placed her legs on his shoulders. He looked up at her and saw that sex hungry look in her eyes. As she eagerly awaited his tongue, he sighed and began.

He flicked her folds with his tongue, sending shivers up her spine. He teased her by rubbing it with his nose. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her fist clutch up. He knew she was getting testy, so he didn't want to keep her waiting any longer. He started with slow licks, going up and down, easing her hornyness by a bit.

When she started digging her nails into his head, he knew it was time to increase the pleasure. Harry began licking her faster, as fast as he could muster. Hermione's eyes widened and she moaned her loudest. Her legs began to cross, pushing his head into her crotch area and keeping him there as he continued.

Minutes later, Hermione was making short girly moans as she got close to her orgasm. In just a few more satisfying licks, Harry had made his lover cum. Her juices came out of her and hit Harry in his glasses, obstructing his view. Hermione giggled, grabbed her wand that was beside her and waved it, thus cleaning up his glasses. She got up and walked over to a large crate and jumped up on it, lying down and spreading her legs as she had done before.

"Fuck me Harry." she said plainly. "Fuck me good like you did at the Cup."

"Okay," he whispered as he took a hold of her legs.

He pulled her closer and slowly pushed his way into her body. Hermione, not wanting it slow this time, wrapped her legs around him and forced him in all the way, making her groan. Hermione assured him that it didn't hurt and he believed her. She would never lie to Harry and that was what her special to him. Maybe even love.

With her legs wrapped around him, she laid on her back and looked up at the ceiling as Harry started thrusting in and out of her and quickened speeds. Thoughts ran through both their minds and they were basically emotional thoughts. Did Hermione truly love him? Did Harry truly love her? What if they dated? Ron would surely find out and be more then upset. He'd be furious! Whatever the case, they just wanted to enjoy this moment of lust and passion.

For the next few minutes, Harry was a monster. By Hermione's instruction to go harder and faster, he did just that. For a bit, he had pinned her down, roughing up her cunt and nearly cumming twice. When he let go, She got up as he was still pumping her and sat up, wrapping her arms around him and kissing him. He continued, holding her back and cute little ass and worked his magic.

"Harry!" she moaned in his ear. "Oh Merlin! Yes! Oh fuck! FUCK! Right there baby! Right there!"

"H-Hermione?" he panted.

"P-Please... anal me Harry. I want you too!"

Hermione had just taken the words out of his mouth. He suddenly stopped and took his cock out of her. She bent over the crate and spread her ass cheeks for him. Hermione said that she never let Ron anal her because she wanted to lose her anal cherry to Harry. He teased her, but not that much. Harry had always wanted to anal Hermione and wasn't about to wait. Thrusting quickly into her, he found that she wasn't that tight. Turns out, Hermione, over the summer, had used a dildo to prepare her just in case this sort of thing happened.

She felt some pain, but Hermione Granger was a tough girl. Hell, she had been Petrified in their Second Year, so a little anal wasn't the most painful thing she had experienced. Spanking her gorgeous ass cheeks, he thrust hard into her, giving them both great amount of pleasure. She was so warm, and still somewhat tight even after he had easily pushed into her.

"Harry!" she yelled. "Fuck me! OHH FUCK! FUCK ME!"

"Like that, you naughty little lioness?"

"Just fuck me!"

This went on for another few minutes before Harry quickly came, causing him to cum heavy loads into her ass. He had fucked her a second time and it was when she was a single woman, free of any commitment. When the last of his semen shot into her, he took himself out and sat on the chair, exhausted. Hermione cleaned herself up and sat on his lap, still naked. Wrapping her arms around him, she began making out with him.

"Harry, that was amazing." she smiled.

"Yeah, it was. I never felt so much pleasure before."

"Harry?" she asked kindly.

"Yes?"

"Would... you consider dating me?"

"Dating you? You just dumped Ron."

"I know, but... Can I ask you something?"

"Come on Hermione, you can tell me anything. We are best friends and lovers after all."

"Well... I love you Harry."

"I love you too Hermione." he said as he kissed her.

"You do?" she asked, shocked.

"I do. Hermione, even though it might piss off Ron, will you be my girlfriend?"

"YES!" she screamed. "Yes I will!" they made out for about five minutes before it was getting late.

As they were dressed and headed back to the Common Room, they held hands, a sign of their new relationship. People had to give them a second look to see if they were dreaming. When they passed Ron however, he just shrugged and went on, not caring if Harry dated his ex.

"Harry?"

"Yes, my love?"

"I never want to leave you."

"The same. There is nothing that can separate us. Not this tournament, not Hell, not anything!"

"I believe you."

*Oh, but he is wrong! There is the arrival of Beauxbatons and Fleur, there is the constant seduction of Katie Bell, and other challenges! Stay Tuned! Please Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

*And I know I said the Harry/Hermione pairing wouldn't happen, but this is a temporary pairing like Harry/Katie in Sex Year. They will eventually break up and I have an idea on mind on how he can fuck other girls while being with her... by use of less powerful Obliviate spell to erase the previous hour from the girls' mind. What you guys think?

12. Chapter 12

Word had quickly gotten around about the new couple that was Harry Potter and Hermione Granger. Ron was still friends with them both, but did feel a little betrayal in his stomach. He still sat with them in the Common Room and in the Great Hall, but he didn't really care if they were dating. It wasn't worth losing his best friend over a girl.

October 30th had arrived quickly and it was a great day for all of the students. Many of them, including the trio, went outside to see if they could spot the coming schools. Once 6 pm had passed, it started. In the distance, Fred noticed something flying towards the school. Before long, it turned out to be a flying carriage and flying horses were in front of it.

"Now there's something you don't see everyday!" said George.

As the flying carriage passed them, Colin Creevy noticed the water in the Lake. It appeared to be a small boat coming out from it, but soon turned into a massive ship, kinda like an old one that pirates used to sail on. It sailed slowly near the boathouse, but before they could see the students, they were called into the Great Hall.

Sitting at their normal area, Harry sat by Hermione while holding her hand. Ron was right beside him looking around and in the direction of Padma Patil, a Ravenclaw in their Year. As everyone was situated, Professor Dumbledore stood up front and silenced the room.

"Welcome! Without delay, allow me to introduce our first guests. Coming from the Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, I

introduce the Beauxbatons and their Headmistress: Madame Maxine."

The doors to the Great Hall opened and a groups of twenty or so girls dress in blue and fancy hats came in, walked dramatically. The men, including Harry, were transfixed on them. Hermione noticed this as Harry couldn't take his eyes off of them. The girls danced as they made their way to Dumbledore. Madame Maxine, however, was far from beautiful. She was extremely tall, about as tall as Hagrid. She walked pleasantly to Dumbledore and allowed him to kiss her hand.

"Now!" shouted Dumbledore. "Our friends from the North. Please greet the proud sons of Durmstrang and their High Master: Igor Karkaroff!"

A group of twenty men came in and began jumping around with staffs. Behind them were Igor Karkaroff, a rough looking man who looked to have an evil about him and a very familiar face that Ron noticed rather quickly.

"Blimey it's him! Harry! It-It's... Victor Krum!"

"Ron," said Hermione. "He's only a Quidditch player. A very... attractive Quidditch player." she bit her lip again. *"Oh, how I wish I could have that man inside me. I bet he has a monster of a cock."* she thought.

"Just a Quidditch Player?!" whispered Ron, so to avoid a scene. "He's the best Seeker in the world! Uh, no offense Harry."

"None taken." said Harry

Harry was sure Ron was about to have a nerdgasm from just seeing his favorite Seeker. Hermione looked at the Quidditch

player and bit her lip, a sign that she was somewhat attracted to him. This was something Harry noticed, though set to ignore it.

"Albus, old friend!" said Igor. "How are you?"

"Blooming, thank you Professor Karkaroff!" cheered Dumbledore.

The Beauxbatons girls all sat at an extension of the Ravenclaw table while the Durmstrang boys sat with the Slytherins. This made Ron super jealous as Krum was striking a conversation with Malfoy.

"Bloody git!" said Ron. "I bet someone as brilliant as Krum can see through Malfoy."

As the feast continued, Professor Dumbledore addressed everyone about the last two judges who would be at Hogwarts during the Tournament: Ludo Bagman and Bartimus Crouch. When he finished the introductions, Mr. Filch brought in something heavy and set it up high near Dumbledore. He lifted the sheet covering it and it looked to be massive goblet that had fire coming out of it. Dumbledore touched it and sighed.

"The Goblet of Fire! Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman have made arrangements and organized the three tasks that each Champion is going to face. The Tasks themselves are very dangerous and not to be taken lightly. They will be spread throughout the school year and they will all test the champions in different ways... strength, smarts, and others."

"Any student of age is eligible to enter. Please, put your name and school on a bit of parchment and set it into the Goblet bay tomorrow evening, when we will see who will

compete. As of this moment, the Triwizard Tournament has begun..."

After the feast, Ron and Harry began walking to the Common Room when Hermione averted the group. She had noticed the Hufflepuff 7th Year, Cedric Diggory hanging with friends. When he left them, she saw it as her chance.

"Hello Cedric." she said cutely.

"Uhhh, Ginny Weasley, right?"

"Um, no. It's Hermione. Hermione Granger?"

"Oh, right, I'm so sorry! I'm terrible with names."

"It's okay. So, are you going to enter?"

"Yes I am, actually. With any luck, I'll be the only Hogwarts student to do so."

"I'm not so sure. The Weasley Twins are going to try and enter."

"Aren't they underage?"

"Yes, but since when has anything stopped them?"

"Too true. Is it true you are seeing Harry Potter?"

"Yes it is." she said, frowning.

"I'm actually interested in someone actually. You know Cho Chang?"

"That 'interesting' Ravenclaw girl in our Year?"

"Yeah. Black hair, Asian?"

"Oh yes, I do. What about her?"

"I'm thinking of asking her out. You know anything about her?"

"Can't say I do."

"Oh, okay then. Well, see you later, Hermione." Cedric said as he walked away.

"Oh, I will see you later... after some thorough seduction... I wonder what size his dick is? Bet he's a monster in the sack!" she thought.

In the Common Room, Ron had gone to bed while Harry stayed up to catch up on homework. When Hermione came in, she hopped on the couch and laid down, her head on his lap. She stared up at him.

"Yes?" he asked, putting down his book.

"Where's Ron at?"

"Went to bed."

"It's all so exciting, this Tournament, huh?"

"I guess."

"We actually know someone who will be entering."

"Who?"

"Cedric!"

"Diggory? Did not know. How'd you know?"

"I asked him."

"So, you talked to him?"

"Yeah, after we left the Great Hall. And he called me Ginny!"

"That's funny." he chuckled. "Hey, I'm going to bed too. Night Hermione." he said, kissing her good night and heading upstairs.

When the Common Room was empty, Hermione looked up at the ceiling and pondered. She closed her eyes and was deep in thought. Her hand felt all over her body and ultimately went into her pants. Using her middle finger, she started playing with herself furiously. Hermione bit her lip and moaned a few times. All that was on her mind, was being double teamed by Krum and Cedric. No thought of being fucked by Harry or Ron entered her mind through it all.

"V-Victor!" she whispered. "Cedric! Merlin, you guys are so big! So fucking big!" she continued for a few minutes. "Boys, I-I'm cumming! Yes, let's cum together! Oooooohhhhhh!" she shrieked as she came.

When she was done with her orgasm, she panted heavily before heading upstairs, taking a shower and disposing of her cum soaked panties. She knew she'd have to get those two in her bed somehow, someday, but... what would Harry think?

*Man, I made Hermione into a whore. Thanks to 'tenga', who gave some good and bad things to say about this fic and how I portray Hermione, and I thank him/her for giving me the idea of her cheating with Krum and Cedric behind Harry's back.

*Next up, Harry is doing the DO with a girl that ISN'T Hermione! Both him and her are cheaters, so we shall see what happens! Please Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

13. Chapter 13

In the middle of the night, Harry awoke from a sex dream. In it, he had been older and was having intercourse with Pansy Parkinson and Daphne Greengrass, two Slytherins. He awoke with a huge boner and decided to get his mind right by going to the fireplace and thinking. Downstairs, he saw that Hermione too had trouble sleeping.

"Hey babe." he said, sitting next to her.

"Hey Harry. Couldn't sleep?"

"Yeah. You?"

"Same with me. And... I been thinking."

"About what?"

"Do you ever think about fucking other girls?"

"No," he lied. "Do you think about fucking other guys?"

"No," she lied.

"Why you ask?"

"I was just thinking about it. Back home, a girl named Amanda Dennis was known for... sleeping around with loads of men. Some were as young as 13 while others were as old as 30. No one liked her and she is 14, mind you."

"Says you."

"Harry, she ended up getting pregnant with a 28 year old guys baby. He got in trouble and Amanda was forced to give it up."

"Your telling me this why?"

"Because, I do not want to be one of those whorish girls. I want to be respected and appreciated."

"Really?" he asked, not believing a word she said.

"Yes! Now, fuck me. I had a sex dream and I need to be relieved." she said getting up, dropping her shorts down, and bending over the couch.

Harry moved his boxers down, got behind her and began doing her doggy. As he did so, he began thinking that Hermione had something in mind. Something that would hurt Harry if he didn't do anything. He knew that if what he thought was true, he'd have to break up with her, but the sex was just so good for him.

"Harder," she said.

He went harder and harder, trying to please her, but eventually she pushed him back and told him to head off to bed, for she was gonna finish herself. He wasn't pleasing her anymore and this made him furious. Getting into bed, he told himself that he would pleasure the first girl that would come onto him Even if it was someone older.

The next morning, Harry awoke normally, getting dressed and heading downstairs. In the Common Room, there was barely anyone there other then a few First Years and they were just about to leave. Just as he was about to head out too, the door to the girls Dorms opened and Angelina Johnson popped out.

"Oh, hello there Harry."

"Hey Angelina. Where is everybody?"

"Probably heading down to the Great Hall to see people put their names into that Goblet."

"Are you?"

"Fuck no! I got more important things to worry about, Harry!"

"You should enter. I'd be great having a Gryffindor as a Champion."

"Thanks, but no thanks. I just wanna get some food."

As she began to leave, Harry took her wrist and stopped her.

"You aren't gonna stop me Harry. No matter what you do, I'm no-" she was shut up by Harry pulling her to him and kissing her deeply. She pushed back from him. "Harry Potter! Aren't you dating Granger?!"

"I can't control myself Angelina. My hormones are raging for you. Hermione can wait. Plus, she cheated on Ron with me, so whats to stop her from doing the same to me?"

"Well, I haven't had a good shag since Third Year. Okay then, as long as we keep this quiet?"

"Yeah, sure. And if you enjoy it, you are going to put your name in the Goblet." he smiled.

"Fine!"

They went to a nearby closet, which had a few boxes and shelves. Angelina closed the door and locked it. Before Harry could react, Angelina was kneeling down and undoing his pants. When she pulled his boxers and pants all the way down, she got a good look at his erection.

"Definitely the biggest meat I've had." she smiled.

Angelina took it and started licking his length, savoring the taste with every millisecond. After a few licks, she stroked him before putting her warm lips around his cock and began bobbing her head, pleasing The-Boy-Who-Lived. Harry looked down at her, admiring the beautiful woman he had met when he became a Quidditch player just in his First Year. She used to dislike him, but now they were good friends and even better teammates.

A few minutes passed before she got up and removed all her clothes. She hopped onto the box and laid down, spreading her legs for Harry to see. Angelina was neatly shaved and could see no pubic hair of any kind. He got on his knees, heaved her legs onto his shoulders, and thus started licking her sweet area.

"Oh!" shrieked Angelina.

She held onto her boobs and massaged them. Harry flicked his tongue between her folds, going for her clit. He even had to use his fingers to spread her pussy lips and get his tongue deep into her, causing more moans. As he did that, his hands went up and down near smooth, bare legs and he admired them. Hermione had nice legs too, but they weren't as smooth as Angelina's. Harry's moved away when he had tasted enough of what was Angelina Johnson.

When he moved back from her pussy, he licked his lips, admitting that she tasted like a Goddess. Angelina smiled as she got up, turned around and bent over. Spreading her legs, she turned her head and spanked herself, wanting Harry to fuck her horny pussy. He was more than happy to oblige. So, getting into position, he pushed forward, penetrating her without mercy.

"Merlin!" shouted Angelina. "You're so big!"

"I know." he gloated.

He thrust into her fast and hard, causing her ass to send ripples through her body. Harry held her hips in place and continued. She held onto the corners of the box as Harry did her like the naughty girl she was. Angelina moaned a few times and even said his name as he pleased her. She had been without cock for so long, it was good to have a little intimacy once in a while.

"Oh Harry! Fuck me baby! Fuck me! Right there OH YES!"

"Merlin, you're so horny!"

When it got heated, Harry spanked her a few times before exiting her pussy and asked if she would like it up her ass. Angelina screamed 'yes' and Harry shrugged. As she requested it up her anal hole hard and fast, he did just that. With one quick movement, his entire meat was up her ass and she couldn't have been happier.

"Sweet Merlin Harry! It hurts, but I can take it! Fuck me OH MY ASS! FUCK ME HARDER!"

Before long, he was fucking her ass as if he had been doing it for years. He bent forward and turned her head before kissing her deeply. His tongue went into her mouth and wrestled her tongue with his own. Sweat began pouring onto their bodies, but it was only a little bit. He had never felt so much pleasure, even from Hermione, Pansy, or even Hannah. If this was what it was like to have sex behind Hermione's back, he would do this more often, even if it was wrong.

With one final thrust, Harry Potter came, shooting his semen into her butt and filling it up like a pro. When he took

himself out, he collapsed onto the floor and Angelina soon followed, ooze still coming from her ass. She wrapped herself around him and made out with him for a few minutes.

"Harry, that was so fucking good! I couldn't remember what a good shag felt like."

"It's been a while since I enjoyed sex that much, to be honest."

"Hermione ain't that good?"

"She's brilliant, but you were so much better."

"Aww, thank yous Harry." she said as she kissed him again.
"We're gonna have to do this again sometime."

"I agree. So, are you gonna enter?"

"The tournament? Hmm... well, you did pleasure me to the max, so... yes!"

*I may not be doing these as often as I wanna take a small break from Harry Potter M stuff. So, please be patient and Review, Follow, and Favorite :)

*And I know I accept all forms of opinions, but it goes too far when I get threats and people whining about 'this is not what Harry (or other characters) would do'. So, if you don't like how I portray a character, then exit the story and read something else! If I continue to get threats or ALL CAPS, I will report you! Please, I make these stories for entertainment and that's the way its gonna be! So think about what you are gonna say before typing it up? If not, I will report you or if it goes way too far, I will delete whatever story I got the most rage on! And I don't wanna do that.

Read for the entertainment of it and if you wanna rage, keep it to yourself or exit the story. Thank you

*And none of this is my own idea. All characters, books, and everything belongs to Warner Brothers and Ms. JK Rowling, my favorite Author :) Long Live JK Rowling!

14. Chapter 14

The next day, Harry felt no remorse with sleeping with Angelina. He just hoped that Hermione wasn't gonna catch on. When he came down from the Common Room, he saw Angelina, who gave him a cute smile. Since he has known her since his first year, he knew that she would keep her word and enter her name into the Goblet of Fire. Ron approached him with the news that he was suspecting.

"Angelina is gonna submit her name!"

"Really?" Harry asked, already knowing this.

"Yeah! Wonder what made her change her mind?"

"No idea. Bet it was something amazing."

At that moment, Hermione came out of the girls' dormitory and headed out of the Common Room. Harry followed, quickly catching up with her.

"Hermione, what's the hurry?"

"I've got somewhere to be. Can't be late."

"But we're all going down to the Great Hall to get breakfast and see who's gonna submit there names. You gotta join!"

"I will later Harry! Merlin, you can be so needy!" she said walking away.

"What the bloody hell did I do?!" he asked himself.

"Women," scuffed Ron. "Good thing me and her broke up before this mood swing, eh Harry?"

"Yeah," he said, unsure.

Making their way down, they had no idea that Hermione was inside a cupboard on the Second Floor, naked and bent over, getting some intense sex. Cedric Diggory was fucking her like a pro and was greatly enjoying it. She had seduced him when they were alone and she couldn't be happier.

In the Great Hall, the boys had a bite to eat and watched as many people began putting their names into the Goblet. Angelina was one of them. After half an hour, Cedric came in with wet hair, a sign of the intense sex he was just a part of, and put his name in. Hermione came in shortly after with her hair all normal and sat away from the boys.

After a little side show with Fred and George having their own Aging Potion be used against them, everyone saw Viktor Krum come in and put his name in. He stared at Hermione and she gave him a seductive smile. Harry, eying Krum at the right moment, saw that the Bulgarian Seeker was blushing. He looked down and saw that Krum was staring at his girlfriend.

When Dumbledore had the Twins escorted to the Hospital Wing, he left. Later, the timing of the choosing was about to start. All the students from all three schools were seated in the Great Hall, waiting. Soon, Dumbledore made the fires go down and it was time. The Goblet of Fire burned red and shot a name up.

"The Champion for Durmstang... is Viktor Krum!"

The Durmstrang's cheered on Krum as the big guy went up, shook Dumbledore's hand and headed downstairs to the trophy room. The Goblet shot again.

"Champion for Beauxbatons... is Fleur Delacour!"

Clapping commenced over at the Beauxbatons table and a woman with blond hair got up, shook Dumbledore's hand as well and headed downstairs. Now, it was time for the moment of truth. The Goblet shot again and Dumbledore grabbed the parchment.

"The Champion for Hogwarts... is Cedric Diggory!"

"Son of a bitch!" whispered Ron.

Cedric got up from his supporting friends and headed downstairs.

"Excellent!" shouted Dumbledore. "We now have our 3 Champions! Only one will go down in history. Only one will hoist chalice of victory... the Triwizard Cup!" he pointed to a shining cup near the tables. When it got quiet, Dumbledore turned to see that the Goblet had selected another name. He caught it and read aloud:

"Harry Potter," he gulped. "Harry Potter?" Harry stayed quiet. "HARRY POTTER!" shouted Dumbledore.

Harry got up and walked to Dumbledore, ignoring the eyes that were following him. Getting to him, he took the parchment and headed to the trophy room, feeling the most embarrassed he had ever felt. McGonagall placed her hand on his shoulder as a sign that it was going to be okay. Moody just stared at him with his magical eye. Downstairs, he met up with Fleur, Cedric, and Krum.

"Why 're you 'ere?" asked Fleur.

"Well, apparently, I'm the Fourth Champion." answered Harry. Fleur laughed.

"Impossible! There 'an only be three Champions." she continued to laugh. Harry did not.

"I don't think he is joking." said Cedric.

"He must be!" said Fleur.

From behind, they heard commotion and saw people coming down. Dumbledore, Karkaroff, Madame Maxine, Moody, McGonagall, Barty Crouch, Bagman, and Snape all came into the trophy room arguing. Dumbledore took Harry and looked at him.

"Harry, did you put your name in the Goblet?"

"No, sir!"

"Did you ask an older student to do it for you?"

"No, sir!"

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"Y-Yes sir!"

"The boy is lying!" said Madame Maxine.

"The hell he is!" shouted Moody. "The only thing that could have corrupted the Goblet would be a powerful Confundus Charm and Mr. Potter couldn't have done it. Beyond the talents of a 4th year!"

"You seem to have given this some thought, Mad-Eye!" shouted Igor.

"It was once my job to think as Dark Wizards do Karkaroff, perhaps you remember?"

"That doesn't help!" shouted Dumbledore as he went to Bagman and Crouch.

"Barty? Crouch?"

"The rules are absolute." said Crouch. "The Goblet of Fire holds a magical binding contract."

"Very true." said Bagman.

"Mr. Potter has no choice. He is... as of tonight... a Triwizard Champion."

They all stared at him for a few seconds before Dumbledore had him go off to bed. As Harry returned to the Common Room, he couldn't help but think about it. Someone had obviously put his name in the Goblet and he didn't know who. When he got back, some of the Gryffindor's cheered him on, even Angelina. Ron wasn't anywhere to be seen. When he got to their Dormitory, he saw Ron in his PJ's and getting ready for bed. Harry could tell that Ron was not happy.

"Why'd you do it?" Ron asked.

"Do what?"

"You know bloody well what!"

"Look, I didn't put my name in that cup! I don't want eternal glory. I just want to be me!"

"I thought it was bad enough getting pretty boy Diggory to represent the school, but my best friend?!"

"Yo-You're being stupid!"

"That's me, 'Ron Weasley, Harry Potter's stupid friend'."

"Stop, all right?" Harry shouted as he took off his clothes to go to bed.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to enter?"

"How could I? I'm not old enough to get past the Age Line, so how could I have put my name in?"

"You're Harry Potter. You have ways."

"Again, you're being stupid!"

"Oh, why don't you go wank off Hermione!"

"For your information, I haven't seen her in a while."

"Bet she's in the library, reading up on lessons."

Little did they know, Hermione was actually in the library, but not reading. Cedric again was fucking her wild in the Restricted Session, giving her all he had.

*Sorry I haven't posted in a while. Hope you liked it. Please Favorite, Follow, and Review :)

*And if you guys are wondering about a certain Harry fic I had being gone, I deleted it. I didn't like it all that much.

15. Chapter 15

Note: The title of this chapter teases at a character that Harry hooks up with. Being Potter Nerds, you can probably guess who. (It's kinda obvious... hahaha)

The next morning, Harry remembered back to the previous night: getting named Triwizard Champion and arguing with Ron. Looking over, he saw that Ron's bed was vacant and nicely made. He got dressed and headed downstairs and out the Portrait. That was where he bumped into Hermione. Harry leaned over to give her a kiss, but she turned her head to his lips pecked her cheek.

"You okay Hermione?"

"I'm fine. I need to talk to you about something. Walk with me."

They began discussing about last night and how she believed that Harry didn't enter his name. When she mentioned that the Daily Prophet would possibly be having a field day with Harry being in the famous tournament, she advised that he write to Sirius. Harry agreed and once after breakfast, he went to the Owlery and mailed it.

The days lessons went by so fast that Harry was ready for anything Snape put on him. Potions was his last class of the day and he was prepared. Needless to say, Snape made smart remarks about Harry being a Champion and gave him extra homework since he thinks he is so important. On his way out, he felt himself being pulled by someone into a nearby closet. With the door closed, he turned to see the smug face of Daphne Greengrass, a Slytherin.

"Daphne?" wondered Harry. "What did you pull me in here for?"

"Isn't it obvious, Potter?" he said instantly grabbing his crotch. "Pansy seemed to like it. Seems its my turn."

"You know I'm dating Hermione."

"I hate to break it to you Potty, but my sister Astoria has seen your little Granger shagging with pretty boy Diggory. She said it turned her on a lot. And you know how crazy a horny teenager can get."

"You're lying! She'd never cheat on me!"

"Really? After we're done, you can go to that Creevy kid. He took some photographs when he found Granger and Diggory doing it."

"If it's true, then..."

"It's over between you two. So, technically, you're a free agent. Free to fuck any girl you please." she said sexily at him.

"Fuck it," he said before moving forward and kissing Daphne with a lot of force.

He kissed her and pushed her all the way back to the wall, where he wrapped her arms around his neck and began enjoying it. Harry was super horny because he secretly had a thing for Daphne, who had a nice set of breasts, easily a size C. With her against the wall, Harry grabbed her breasts and squeezed hard, giving into his hormones.

"Daph," he said in between breaths. "You're so fucking hot!" he continued while kissing her neck.

"Potter..." she moaned.

Daphne slowly pushed him back as she took off her robe. Staring at her chest, Harry could tell her nipples were hard. The outline of her bra showed and it made him want her even more. He moved to her and took her thighs, thus removing her skirt. For being a Slytherin, he had expected green panties, but saw pink.

"Favorite color." she added.

Harry just chuckled and went to remove the panties, but she stopped him.

"Not yet, tiger." she smiled as she went onto her knees.

Removing his belt and his pants, the hot Slytherin watched as his pants dropped. The bulge forming in his boxers made Daphne lick her lips. Forcing them down, she gazed as Harry's erection popped out and stood at attention.

"Wow Potter, Pansy was right! You are very big."

"Thanks. It's a curse, I know." he chuckled.

She laughed before beginning. Her tongue came out and she began by licking his shaft and loving every inch of it. As she did that, her hand felt his balls and she squeezed them, but not too hard. When her tongue reached his head, Harry shivered and looked down to see some pre-cum coming out. Daphne licked it up and smacked her lips. As soon as she had finished, she held his cock in her other hand and moved her head forward, taking most of it into her mouth.

"Daph! Oh, Merlin!"

She moved back and forth, sucking him with hunger. For Harry, the feeling was satisfying and felt very, very good. As he leaned against the wall, his fingers slipped through

Daphne's hair, feeling the smoothness of her dark red hair. He was so into it, he couldn't help but hear the sounds she was making as she blew him.

A few minutes later, she moved back when he felt he was close to orgasm. Making a popping sound, his dick was out of her mouth and she licked her lips. When she stood up, she unbuttoned her dress shirt and removed her sexy pink bra, showing him her gorgeous breasts. She walked to him and pressed herself against him, thus beginning to make out with him. As they did, Harry groped her tits, squeezing them and pinching her hard nipples.

Daphne moaned as he did this and began to slowly remove her panties. When they were off, she kicked them away and took his hands, moving them to her ass cheeks and he squeezed. Harry wanted more, so Daphne moved away and leaned against the other wall, her ass sticking out at him. Using one hand, she spread one of her ass cheeks and winked at him. Harry smiled and chuckled before moving toward her. Positioning himself, he spread her cheeks and hit her anal hole with the tip of his cock.

"Never knew Slytherins were so horny for anal."

"It's only for you, Potter." she said quietly.

Smiling, Harry pushed forward, entering her with little force, but made Daphne groan in pain. He stopped quickly, but the Slytherin shouted for him to push further. Not wanting to attract any attention to them, Harry nodded and pushed. With each bit he inserted, Daphne groaned in pain even more, but wanted more. Once he had his entire shaft inside her, Daphne nodded.

"Fuck me Potter. Don't worry about hurting me."

"Alright..." he said unsure.

He thrust back and then back in at a slow pace, having her get used to it. This occurred for about a few minutes until she was back to the horny girl he was fondling before. She was cursing at him, urging him to go faster. He did so as he held her hips and moved fast. Within time, it got intense, that he bend over and grabbed onto her breasts, squeezing them as he did her ass hard. Ripples went through her body, shivers went through both their bodies and it was heated.

When Harry announced that he was close, she had him take it out. He didn't hesitate. When it was out, she turned around and lifted her leg up. Harry grabbed it and admire dhow smooth her leg was. So smooth, it made him even hornier. Inching closer, Harry penetrated her pussy and began fucking her. Her arms wrapped around his neck as did her legs around his lower back. He pushed her against the wall and commenced on pounding her tightness.

"Harry!" she shouted "Oh, Merlin! Fuck me! Make love to me! Yes! Yes! FUCK YES! HARRY!"

She had never called him by his first name before and it was very nice to hear. As he continued, he kissed her lips, their tongues clashing within their mouths. It was getting fast and hot. So much so that Harry said he was close a few seconds before cumming. Squirt after squirt filled her up and it was the best feelings she had ever experienced. Once he was donw, he let her downa nd they both collapsed to the floor, exhausted.

"Wow Daph, that was..."

"Amazing," she said.

"Oh, yeah." he chuckled. "We definitely gotta do it again sometime."

"I was thinking the same thing. Maybe a threesome with Pansy or maybe with my sister."

"You're sister? Astoria?"

"Yeah, she's old enough for sex. Plus, she admitted to me last week that she was Bi."

"Well, maybe so."

"And if she advances on you, let her. I told her you were the best chance she had of losing her virginity."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"See you around?" she asked him as she kissed him romantically on the lips.

"Yeah, I will." he smiled.

Later, when Harry got cleaned up and returned to the Common Room, there were whispers and hushes. He saw Dean and Seamus at a nearby table doing homework and he approached them.

"Dean. Seamus. Why is everyone whispering and looking at me?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Dean.

"Apparently, someone let slip that Hermione is cheating on you with Cedric." said Seamus.

"What?!" Harry shouted. "Who knew?!"

"Katie Bell."

*Hope you enjoyed this chapter! Will there be romance between Harry and Daphne? Will this couple be the main couple for the story? Find out soon!

16. Chapter 16

"How in the world did Katie know?!" shouted Harry.

"Apparently, she and Cedric did it before the Champions were announced." said Dean.

"Katie says she heard moans coming from the Second Floor and peeked in. Saw them buck naked and Hermione was bent over, taking it like a champ." said Seamus.

"Gee, you guys made me feel so much better." said Harry sarcastically, but also truthfully.

As he finished that thought, the Portrait flew open and Hermione came in, her hair frizzy and books under her arm. Eyes stared at her as she came in and as Katie Bell came from behind her. Hermione walked to Harry, Dean, and Seamus.

"Hello boys." she looked around. "Why is everyone staring?"

"Really, you have no idea?" asked Harry.

"No. What's going on?"

"Well, apparently Katie knows, hell the whole school bloody knows!"

"Knows what?!"

"You fucking Diggory!"

Hermione's upset face turned blank. She was breathing heavily, her heart raced, and her palms began to sweat.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself... slut?" asked Katie.

"You're one to talk!" shouted Hermione, who turned. "You been sleeping with loads of guys for a few years! Hell, Harry was your last physical conquest!" people stared at Harry.

"Actually, my last fuck was the other day and it was with a 7th Year Ravenclaw! Anyway, this isn't about me. This is about you cheating on Harry with Diggory!"

"W-W-Well, I... umm..."

"Speechless, eh Hermione? Can't admit that you screwed up this relationship? Afraid to admit that you are a whore? A skank?"

"I am NOT one of those Bell! No shut your face or I'll-"

"Or what? Sleep with my man? Sorry honey, but I ain't got no man. And also... back when me and Harry had fun, it felt so good. So fucking good. He admitted that I was better in every... fucking... way."

Hermione snapped. She lunged at Katie, knocking them both to the ground. She slashed at Katie's face, scarring her. As Katie tried to hold her back, she managed to push Hermione off and slugged her in the face, nearly breaking her jaw. This cat fight went for about a minute before McGonagall came into the Common Room. With a swish of her wand, she separated them and kept them there.

"What in Merlin's beard is going on here? Granger! Bell! Explain yourselves!"

"They were fighting, Professor." said Neville.

"I can see that, Longbottom. What I'm asking is why!"

"You don't wanna know Professor." said Harry.

"I probably don't." said McGonagall. "Well, I'll take Ms. Bell to the Hospital Wing. Ms. Granger, clean yourself up. If this happens again, you both will receive three month long detentions with me." she said leaving with Katie.

Hermione wiped the blood off her face and stomped on upstairs, away from everyone. Harry, not wanting to talk with her after their apparent breakup, decided to head out of Gryffindor Tower to gather his thoughts. When he got around to the Third Floor, he crossed a hallway and saw the short black haired figure of a Slytherin. She looked at him and walked forward. It was Astoria Greengrass, Daphne's younger sister who had recently turned 13.

"Hello, Potter."

"Astoria, right?"

"Indeed,"

"What are you doing here?"

"Just finished sucking on a lollipop. Those aren't the only things I suck." she winked at him.

"Daphne said you're a virgin, so how do you know you like sucking?"

"My big sis told me about you two. She said the way you made love to her... astounding. I want it too."

"Look, I would love to have sex with you. You are very attractive, but Hermione jus-" he was shushed by Astoria placing a finger on his lips.

"No talk. Come with me."

She led him to a closet that was much bigger inside than out. Inside it was a creaky old bed, mostly used for guests. When they got to the bed, Astoria took Harry's face and moved close, thus making out with him. He held her head, running his fingers through her black hair. Slowly they moved before falling onto the bed with Harry on top.

His hands moved freely, feeling her smooth body, her flat stomach, her solid butt cheeks, and her beautiful legs. He moved back from her lips and began undoing her skirt. Harry pulled it off along with her green panties, revealing a pink, virgin pussy. She bit her lips and spread her legs for him.

"I want you to soften me up first, Harry."

He nodded and placed his head in front of her pussy, holding her legs and placing them on his shoulders. Harry used his fingers to spread her pussy lips and this made her shudder. Then, he began to lick. Shudders went through her body, her mouth was open, she bit her lip, and moans escaped her. Harry liked her taste. It was similar to Daphne's in some weird way, but it was completely different.

"Ah, Harry." she moaned as he pleased her. "Harry!"

The more he moved his tongue, the louder she got. Adding more, he inserted two fingers into her and hitting what felt like her hymen. She gave a brief 'Ouch!' and Harry apologized. Taking it slow, he thrust his fingers into her, avoiding hitting her hymen until he penetrated her for real. She grasped the covers and moaned her loudest.

It wasn't long til she came, squirting her juices on the bed, which Harry was happy to suck up. Tired, Astoria knew they weren't done. Harry undid his pants and exposed his erection, shocking his lover with greatness.

"Are you sure that'll fit?" she asked him innocently.

"It fit your sister, so it'll fit you."

"True," she giggled. "Just do me slowly. I'm still a virgin."

"I will, I promise."

He hovered above her and positioned himself at her entrance. Slowly, he penetrated her and moved. When he reached her hymen, he pushed, causing her to scream a bit, but only for a second. When he continued, the pain ceased after a while and she began to enjoy it. Once he had all of him inside her, he began to move, thrusting normally inside her.

"You okay, Astoria?" he asked as he began fucking her.

"It hurt, but the pain is gone. Fuck me like you did Daph!"

"Are you sure? You're still new to all of this."

"DO ME LIKE MY SISTER!"

He didn't argue anymore. He leaned down and pinned her arms to the bed, her legs wrapped around his waist, and his lips stuck to hers. That was when he began thrusting harder and faster. His balls hit her asshole, his length made her feel good, and their tongue kissing was getting intense. As they fucked, he moved his head and went after her breasts, which were very small, but he didn't care. He licked her nipples and added more pleasure to her.

Minutes later, it was nearing its end. After a few more thrusts, Harry came and unloaded inside Astoria. Feeling cum fill her up for the first time was magical for her. She kissed him a few more times as he finished ejecting his seed

into her. Luckily, Daphne put her on some Muggle pill to prevent birth, so she was set. He got off her and laid next to her, smiling.

"That was great Astoria." said Harry.

"My first time having sex. Never thought it'd be with you. But I'm glad it was with you." she said honestly.

"Gonna tell Daphne about this?"

"Of course! I share everything with her."

"Even me?"

"Especially you."

*Hope you liked this chapter! Please Follow, Favorite, and Review!

*For those who compare Hermione in this story and HG and the Year of Lust, there is difference. In this one, YoL, Hermione tries to control her lust for men and women, but can't seem to do so. She is good, but can't control her hormones. In Hormonal 4th year, Hermione doesn't care who she hurts. She may seem like she's hurting, but all she wants is good sex, especially with Krum and Diggory, even if it means hurting many people, including Harry.

17. Chapter 17

Hell was the word to describe Harry's next few days. Many students hated on him, proclaiming that Cedric was the true Hogwarts Champion. Each class was bad, but Potions must have been the worse. When he got to the classroom, he saw Malfoy and his group wearing 'Support Cedric Diggory - The REAL Hogwarts Champion' badges. He ignored them and leaned against the wall, waiting for class to start. As he waited, he was approached by the last person he wanted to see: Hermione.

"C-Can I talk to you?" she asked.

"Can't see why not." he said. "You already are."

"I wanted to apologize for... a few days ago. Katie, you, everyone has the right to call me a slut. That's what I was, but... it felt sooooo good, I couldn't help myself!"

"Really Hermione? Merlin, you are really a whore."

"I really am sorry! I shouldn't have hurt you like that!"

"Like you regret hurting Ron when you slept with me?"

"Yes..." she said quietly.

"Well, truth be told, I was approached by Angelina sometime before you confessed. She told me about you cheating, so I had sex with her."

"YOU WHAT?! YOU SLEPT WITH THAT BITCH JOHNSON?!"

"Yeah. And it was good too. She was a better lover than you." he grinned, happy about his 'revenge'.

Before Hermione could lash out at him, Snape opened the doors to his classroom.

"What is with the shouting, Potter?" he asked.

"It wasn't me Professor. It was her." he looked at Hermione as did Snape.

"Miss Granger, I'd advise you to keep your voice down. Wouldn't want to wake up the dead, now would we?" he said as he went back into the classroom.

Malfoy and his group snickered as they went in. Halfway through class, a familiar boy came inside: Colin Creevy, the young 3rd Year who was obsessed with Harry. After a talk with Snape, Harry retrieved his bag and was instructed to go upstairs with the other Champions for photographs.

"Wow," said Colin. "I'm walking next to a Champion! How you feel Harry?"

"Lousy," he admitted. "What are the photographs for?" he asked, knowing the answer.

"Daily Prophet."

"Just what I need." he said angrily. "More publicity. Won't it ever end?"

"Well, you are The Boy Who Lived."

"Don't remind me."

"Good luck Harry!" said Colin as he walked away from a door they had appeared at.

Harry walked in to see Cedric, Krum, Fleur, Bagman, and a woman with too much make-up, curly blonde hair, strange

glasses, a hovering Quill, and a photographer by her side. Bagman laughed as Harry entered the room.

"Harry, my boy!" he chuckled. "See Skeeter, I told you he would be here." he looked at the woman who just shrugged. "Harry, we were just about to begin the wand weighing."

"The what?" he asked.

"Have to make sure your wands are fully operational and not... problematic." he laughed. "And then there will be a photoshoot with my dear friend Rita Skeeter. She's doing a small piece for the Prophet."

"Maybe not that small, Ludo." said Rita. "I wonder if I might have a word with young Mr. Potter."

"Of course!" said Bagman. "Harry, if you could...?"

"Err..." said Harry, but was tugged away by Rita.

Inside a broom closet, she sat him down and sat across from him.

"I am interviewing you Harry as I will do with the other Champions. Youngest first, after all." she chuckled. "Shall we begin?"

"Err... sure." he guessed.

"Ignore the Quill Harry." she said as the Quill began writing on its own. "First question, why did you enter such a dangerous tournament?"

"I didn't enter. Someone put my name in. It wasn't me."

"Come now Harry, there's no need to be scared. You won't get in trouble. Then again, maybe you shouldn't have

entered at all. Besides, our readers LOVE a rebel." she smiled.

"But I-"

"How are you feeling about the Tasks ahead?"

"Pretty nervous."

"Champions have died in the past before, you know? Does this concern you?"

"Well, Dumbledore assured us it would be safer this year."

"You've looked death in the face, correct? How has that effected you?"

"Uhh..."

"Do you think it was your appetite for trouble that made you keen on entering? Maybe trauma of your past?"

"I didn't enter."

"Speaking of which, do you remember your parents at all?"

"No,"

"If they were alive, how do you think they would feel? Proud? Angry? Concerned?"

"Who do you think you are, lady?!" he shouted. He took the pad and read it. "My eyes aren't swimming with the ghosts of my past and I am not crying, you crazy old bat!"

Before she could get another word, Dumbledore opened the door and escorted Harry out. Rita, proud of the interview, settled in a corner as the other Triwizard Judges came into

the room. Rita went into a corner with Quill beside her and she smirked, happy that she got an interview with Harry Potter. For the next few minutes, Mr. Ollivander, the Wandmaker, examined the wands of each Champion, but took a long time examining Harry's wand. Once that and the photoshoot was done, they were all allowed to return to their Common Rooms.

When Harry returned to the Common Room, Hermione was nowhere to be seen, much to his relief. For all he knew, she was screwing some random guy. Still, as he sat down on the couch, the only thing he could think of was Daphne Greengrass. Their moment together was brief, but made an everlasting impact on his mind. As he sat there, his eyes closed and he fell deep in thought, but it was short lived.

"How was the shoot?" asked Ron, who came in with a letter.

"Boring." he admitted. "And that Rita Skeeter woman-"

"Blimey, I hate her! She always writes the worst articles." Ron interrupted.

"Well, she interviewed me and made me out to be a crybaby who just wanted more fame."

"Yeah, she does like to ruin reputations. Surprised she didn't do that with Dumbledore or even Lockhart."

"Ron, Lockhart kinda ruined his own reputation." Harry laughed.

"I suppose you're right." he looked at the letter. "Oh, this came for you earlier." he said handing Harry the letter.

"Who's it from?"

"Don't know."

Harry opened it and saw it was from Sirius. He wanted to talk to Harry in Gryffindor Tower at 1:00 am on November 22nd.

"Wonder what he wants to talk about?" Ron asked.

"Wish I knew."

As he finished reading it a second time, Hermione came into the Common Room with her hair all bushy. More bushy than usual. They stared at her as she took the walk of shame up to the Girls Dormitory.

"Man, what a slut!" said Ron.

"I'll say." Harry agreed.

18. Chapter 18

The next day was kind of a boring one. Hermione was strained from him and Ron, for obvious reasons. He hadn't talked to Daphne since their moment and it was bugging him. Every time he thought about the sex they had, he couldn't get it out of his head. Hell, every time he looked at any girl, he got an instant boner, which was very unpleasant for him. That, and the fact that every time he saw Hermione, she was just getting back from either lessons or seducing some guy.

Through the day, Harry focused on his lessons and tried not to think too much about Daphne, Hermione, and the Tournament. Still, he had his friendship with Ron and that was good enough for him. Traversing the halls before lunch got Harry thinking about a lot of things. However, that was thwarted when he felt himself being pulled into a broom closet by an unknown assailant. Inside, it was small with hardly anything. He looked to see a Prefect.

"Hello Harry Potter."

"Penelope? Did you pull me in here?"

"Well, it sure as hell wasn't Peeves."

"Why?"

"I want a taste of our Champion. I never approved of Cedric and you..." she looked at his bulge. "are ripe for a good fucking."

"But I have to meet-" he was shushed by her lips against his.

"Don't talk. Just enjoy yourself Harry. Being with an older woman has its merits, you know."

"Yeah, by three years."

"Just shut up." she said as she kissed him some more.

Harry put his arms around her and felt her. Penelope also moved her hands, but they moved to his crotch, where he undid his pants, having his member spring out. She kneeled down slowly and licked his cock, making him shudder.

"P-Penelope-"

"Shush, my Champion." she grinned.

After licking his head a last time, she placed it in her mouth, moving up and down on it, taking in the size and taste. Harry had to hold on to a box behind him to prevent falling over from the pleasure. Penelope didn't look like much, but she was a great cock sucker. Maybe that's why she was always hanging around Percy Weasley.

Penelope took his cock out of her mouth and licked her lips. Standing up, she walked over to a big box and removed most of her clothes, except her panties. She hopped onto it and laid down, spreading her legs for him. Harry went over to her, moved her panties a bit and inserted two fingers into her pussy.

"No fingers Harry." said Penelope. "I want you inside me now."

He nodded and positioned himself. Without hesitating, he penetrated her and heard moans come from her beautiful mouth. With her lying down, Harry took time to admire her skinny, yet gorgeous body. It wasn't everyday he was having sex with a 7th Year Ravenclaw. His hands moved and he was groping her breasts, squeezing and massaging them.

"That feels nice Harry." she said in between her moans.

As she said that, her legs wrapped around his waist, pushing him in a bit more and causing her more pleasure. Penelope bit her lip as it got hotter and faster. Quickly, she was repeating Harry's name over and over, even calling him 'Champion'.

"Like that, huh Penny?" he asked.

"Oh, fuck yes! Percy never fucked me this good."

He grinned and took himself out, flipping her over and suddenly fucking her from behind. Harry slapped her ass a few times and saw the ripples in her big ass. He held her sides and closed his eyes, bathing in her moans and the feeling of her wet pussy getting more and more wet. As he thrustured more, he squeezed her ass cheeks harder, even leaving some red marks.

"You're such a naughty Prefect Penny!"

"I know I am!" she yelled. "Fucking punish me Champion!"

"Y aknow what? I will." he said, moving back. "Stand up near the wall."

She did as he wanted and was shocked by what came next. Harry pushed her against the wall and completely dropped her panties before entering her pussy, fucking her against the wall.

"Yes Harry! Fuck your girl against this wall! FUCKING FUCK ME!"

He pinned her hands to the wall and fucked her like a monster, kissing her neck and feeding on her loud moans.

"Harry!" she yelled. "Oh, Harry! Fuck me harder baby! Harder and faster! Oh, fuck!"

Between pounding her and the neck kisses, Harry told her how great of a fuck she was. Wanting more, he backed away and she turned around. She lift her left leg and Harry penetrated her again. With that, she wrapped her legs and arms around him, causing him to keep her up by pinning her to the wall. More and more he moved and more she moaned happily in pleasure.

"Oooooohhh Harry!" she moaned into his ear. "I-I'm so close! Make me cum!"

"I'm close too Penelope!" he shouted. "Let's cum together!"

From the immense pleasure, they both came. He panted heavily and both were sweating. He pulled out and got dressed as did Penelope. When she was back in her Prefect robes, she gave him a quick kiss and exited the room. Harry stood there, puzzled.

"What the bloody hell just happened?"

On the way back to the Common Room, he ran into Daphne, much to his shock. She saw him and approached. Harry gulped and wondered what was gonna happen.

"Harry, I have to ask you something."

"Sure,"

"You still want that threesome with me and Astoria?"

"Yeah," he said calmly.

"Good. Astoria has been practicing with some item called a 'dildo' that I stole from my Muggle cousin."

"Oh..." he blushed as she knew what a dildo was. "Is it working for her?"

"Indeed," she smiled. "I even tried it. Not as big as you, Harry." she said, grabbing his crotch. "Oh, hard are we?"

She knelt down and undid his pants, freeing his cock... again. Daphne quickly stuffed it in her mouth and moved back and forth, sucking on it. It didn't last long, however, since he pretty much came as soon as she started sucking. Daphne felt a few streams of cum move down her throat and it was delicious.

"Wow Harry, I didn't think you'd cum that fast." she said, wiping her lips. She stood up, kissed his cheek, and started going away when Harry addressed her. "What is it?"

"Daph, I... was wondering if..."

"If what?"

"If you wanted to spend the day with me during our next Hogsmede visit." he said quickly. She smiled.

"Just us?"

"Yeah, just us."

"As in a date?"

"Maybe," he grinned.

"Harry Potter, I'd love to." she winked at him before leaving for the Dungeons.

Harry's heart raced with excitement. Although, this was something to keep from Ron and the others, as they wouldn't be happy about him going on a date with a Slytherin.

"Oh well. I doubt Hermione will care." he said.

When he got back to the Common Room, Hermione was nowhere to be seen. It was barely empty and he was feeling somewhat tired, so he headed to his room and fell asleep, ready for the next day.

*Hope you enjoyed :) Review, Follow, Favorite!

19. Chapter 19

Days later, Harry saw that his interview with Rita Skeeter was in the paper and he read bits of it. He wasn't impressed with it. During classes today, Malfoy and the other Slytherins were tormenting him about it. When he had enough of it, he began to yell just as a girl said hi to him. He turned to see Cho Chang, the Ravenclaw Seeker and an object of Harry's fantasies.

"I-I just wanted to give you back your quill. You dropped it." she said handing him a quill.

"Oh, right. Thanks. Sorry about yelling Cho." he said embarrassed.

"It's okay. Good luck on Tuesday." she left.

After ignoring more of the Slytherin's insults, Harry coincidentally bumped into Daphne Greengrass. He was nervous as he stared into her beautiful blue eyes.

"Hello Harry." she said sweetly.

"Daphne," he gulped. "H-How are you?"

"Better that I've bumped into you." she smiled.

He didn't say anything, embarrassed by what she said.

"Can I ask you something?"

"S-Sure," he said, nervous.

"If we end up together, will you care what your friends think? You being with a Slytherin?"

"No," he answered honestly.

He took her smooth hands and kissed them, making her blush. She moved in and gave him a kiss. Moving back, she smiled at him.

"I'm glad." she said happily. "See ya later, Potter."

As she walked away, he turned his head and gazed at her ass as she walked away.

"Really? Greengrass?" asked a smug voice.

"Hello Hermione. How are you?"

"I'd be better if the entire school wasn't calling me a slut."

"Well, that's your own fault. You cheated on Ron with me, then me with Cedric. Who's next, Krum?"

"Oh, piss off!" she shouted.

"Why are you here?"

"To tell you I have lost interest in Diggory. While he is good in bed, he'd a mindless athlete. Rather talk about Quidditch than me."

"So, who's gonna be your next boytoy?"

"Viktor is seeking interest in me if you must know. And I am rather interested in him."

"So, another mindless athlete?"

"Fuck you Harry!" she said storming off.

In the Common Room, Harry was catching up on some homework when Ron approached him.

"So, wanna hang at Hogsmede this Saturday?"

"I actually am meeting someone. It's rather important."

"Another photographer?" he asked in some jealousy.

"No Ron!" he shouted. "It's... a girl."

"Wanna tell me?"

"Can you keep it a secret?"

"Of course."

"Daphne Greengrass."

"The bitchy Slytherin that poured pumpkin juice into my pants 2nd Year?!"

"Yeah," he said, trying not to laugh at the memory.

"What the bloody hell ya meeting her for?!"

"Me and her talked and we're going on a date."

"DATE?!"

"Calm yourself Ron! I'm just getting to know her." he lied, knowing they'd probably be having sex on their 'date'.

Saturday came rather quickly and Harry was both excited and nervous. Once dressed, the Third Years and above began gathering and he could see Daphne across the courtyard, staring at him and giving a smile. Harry felt Ron bump his arm with his elbow.

"What?"

"Mate, I'm sorry for the way I've been acting."

"You are?"

"I've been an arse. I realized that you'd have to be bloody crazy to put your name into the Goblet of Fire."

"Took ya long enough."

"I reckon it made me look like a bloody arse."

"It sure did." he extended his hand. "It's not problem Ron."

Ron took it and the students began moving, heading to Hogsmede. Once they got to the village, they all scattered, enjoying their few hours of freedom. Harry stayed near the bridge and gazed out at nature, waiting for Daphne. She soon came his way after three minutes.

"Hey there." she said, going behind and wrapping her arms around Harry.

"Hey Daph. I told Ron about me seeing you today."

"Weasley?"

"Yeah,"

"What he say?"

"He was less then happy. He remembers the event in our 2nd Year. With the pants and pumpkin juice."

"Hell, I forgot about that! Still pretty damn funny." she chuckled.

"To be honest, it is quite humorous." he smiled.

"So, what's on the agenda today?"

"Well, I thought we'd go to Honeydukes, go get a Butterbeer, walk around. Plus, anything you'd like to do."

"Sounds good." she said happily. "So, I can have us do anything?"

"Anything,"

"Well, I've been feeling..." she said taking Harry's hand. "very frisky."

"So, you wanna have sex?" he asked very happily.

"YES!" she shouted.

"Well, you've got me excited. Wanna do that first?"

"Very much so." she grinned.

Daphne took Harry's hand and they both started to run toward the Hogs Head, a local pub. They quickly rushed by Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville.

"Bye guys!" shouted Harry.

"Was that...?" asked Dean.

"Harry with Daphne Greengrass?" asked Neville.

"I believe it was." said Seamus. "Lucky bastard."

They all stared at him.

"What? I think she's attractive."

"Out of all the attractive gals in our year and House, you would bang a Slytherin like Greengrass?" asked Dean.

"Hell yeah! Who would you do Dean?"

"Patil twins."

"Nice!" said Seamus happily. "Neville?"

"Hannah Abbot."

"The Hufflepuff girl? Hangs with Susan Bones, Ernie, and Justin?"

"Yeah. I have a thing for blondes." he looked at Ron. "Who'd you like to do Ron?"

"Hermione, I bet." laughed Seamus.

"Lavender Brown." admitted Ron.

"Bloody hell, why didn't I think of that!" shouted Seamus.

Once in the Hogs Head, Daphne rushed them both upstairs and shut the door behind them.

*Hope you enjoyed this chapter! Review, Follow, Favorite!

20. Chapter 20

Once in the room, Daphne swung her arms around Harry and began making out with him. He held her sides as they slowly made their way to the bed. Harry couldn't believe he was about to have sex with Daphne again. Once at the bed, she pulled away and looked into his green eyes.

"Harry, I..."

"You don't want to?"

"It's not that!" she shouted. "I want to, hell, I've been dying for it since after our first time, but..."

"What's wrong?" he said taking her into his arms.

"I just want to know if this is what you want. I know I'm not the most attractive girl at Hogwarts. There are loads of other girls more beautiful than me."

"Daph?"

"Yes?"

He gave her a deep, long, passionate kiss and this seemed to sooth her.

"You are the most beautiful, smart, funny, and overall generous girl at school."

"Thank you!" she smiled happily. "And... most girls wouldn't do this, but you can sleep with other girls, but promise me something."

"Don't get them pregnant?" he said jokingly.

"That too, but most of all, they can not matter. I have to be your main girl. If you need a good shag, come see me and I'll rock your world! Okay?"

"Promise," he smiled. "I do have one condition though."

"What's that?"

"Little Harry needs to be satisfied right now."

Daphne smiled and kneeled down as Harry took off his sweatpants. No underwear, which made Daphne happy. She had him sit down on the bed, which he didn't object to. Daphne kneeled in front of him and didn't hesitate in putting her mouth around his erection, slowly moving up and down. He tilted his head back and enjoyed the pleasure Daphne was giving him.

The feel of her warm mouth around his cock was enlightening. Despite that he had been with other females, she was hands down, the best at blowjobs. Her sister was a close second. Harry ran his fingers through her hair. It was smooth, light, and quite frankly, smelled really good. Minutes past before he realized that Daphne had finished and was stripping in front of him. He stared at her entire body, admiring it with his eyes.

"You like what you see Harry?" she asked seductively.

"Ooooh," he stuttered.

"I'll take that as a yes."

She pounced on top of him and they rolled so that he was on top. She smiled at him as they kissed deeply. She wrapped her arms around his neck and they continued to kiss, not giving any care to the outside world. As they kissed, Harry

moved his hands and felt her, the touch itself was intoxicating for them both.

"Harry, I love it when you touch me." she whispered.

"Even here?" he asked as he slid a finger down her pussy lips.

"Especially there!" she gasped.

Harry moved so that he was on her side. He moved down started licking her breasts as his middle finger slowly entered her pussy. She gasped and moaned by the penetration and grasped the sheets as Harry did his work. For three minutes, Harry pleased her greatly. Her insides were hot and wet. He even made her reach orgasm and it felt great. With his fingers covered in her juice, Daphne was frisky when she grabbed his hand and licked up her own juice. He didn't judge, but it was very weird for him.

"Harry, take me for your own." she said as she laid on her back once again and spread her legs.

"Yes, ma'am!"

He got in close, got his cock in position, and finally penetrated her. As he started thrusting, he bent down, held her arms down, and stuck his tongue in her mouth. Her legs moved and wrapped around him as she returned the tongue action. His movements were slow, but very satisfying. When she smiled, he picked up the pace. He looked deeply into her emerald eyes.

"Babe, you have such beautiful eyes." he panted.

"Oh, baby!" she moaned. "S-So do you! OOOOHH! Harder!"

He moved harder for her, making her scream like a wounded Banshee. The minutes of moans and screams was enough to wake up even the deadest people from their graves. When Harry was getting close, she quickly had him get off of her. He did in a confused stated, but smiled. Daphne went on her hands and knees so that her ass was in front of him.

"Harry, you can have my ass again."

"You sure? Didn't it hurt last time?"

"It did, but if you fuck me there on a regular basis, it won't hurt as much."

"Okay," he said, trusting her.

He got behind her and slowly punctured her tightest hole. Harry heard her give a painful groan, but she had him keep going. Slowly he pushed, hoping not to tear her insides. He knew Daphne would have a really hard time explaining that to Madame Pomfrey. When he was all the way inside her, he asked if she was okay.

"I'm okay babe." she admitted. "Just go slow until I say."

"Okay,"

Slowly he moved back and then forward again. Being careful, Harry was sure not to be too hard on her. Her eyes closed heavily, her hands grabbed the sheets as the pain took her. In one minute, which was like an eternity for them both, Daphne was feeling better about it and she seemed to be enjoying it. She tossed her hair to the side and looked back at her lover.

"It's feeling good now Harry." she whispered. "You can go faster if you wish."

"Okay," Harry whispered.

As if possessed by a spirit, Harry increased his speed without having control over himself. The more he moved inside her, Daphne loosened up her eyes and her fists. Soon, she was fully aware and moaned in pleasure as he moved with such finesse. When Harry said he was close, she ordered him to take it out. He did so and sat on the bed, awaiting her. She turned around and climbed on top of him, sitting on his cock.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him as she started moving. The way she moved surprised him. Daphne was a sex beast that even he couldn't control. Her movements were fast as she bounced on him. Her breasts swayed and jiggled for him and he couldn't help but smile. Within the few minutes, Harry held her tight. Harry deeply kissed her as they both made a final move and Harry came inside her. He moved away from her lips and smiled.

"Sorry," he apologized. "I got kinda excited."

"It's okay. I'm protected, so you're good." she whispered.

They both fell onto the bed, still in each others arms. He stared into her eyes, played with her hair and kissed her again.

"That was amazing." she said

"Yeah, it was." he smiled.

"And I was being truthful when I said you could sleep with other girls."

"Just as long as you're my main girl?"

"Yeah,"

"I can do that Daph."

"Good," she kissed him a final time before getting dressed.

"We better get going. I think you're friends know about us since they saw us."

"Yeah, but does Pansy and them know?"

"Astoria is the only one I told about us. She still would like a threesome, if you're up for it?"

"I'm always up for a threesome if it involves you Daphne!"

"Awesome," she smiled.

*Sorry this took so long! With work and such, its been hard!
Stay tuned!

21. Chapter 21

Weeks passed before the night before the First Task came. Harry was studying in the library about Dragons. He remembered back to when he saw Hagrid and Madame Maxine on a date in the Forbidden Forest. Hagrid had showed her the Dragons that were being transported in for the First Task. Deeply, Harry was scared, but nothing frightened him more than being alone with a Hungarian Horntail, arguably, the deadliest Dragon of all. From behind, he was hugged by Daphne, who kissed his cheek.

"Hey, Potter!"

"Hey Daphne, how's it going?"

"You know, picking on some First Years for fun. Had to sneak away from Pansy and them so I could see you."

"Awww, I'm blushing." he said as he kissed her.

"So, reading up on Dragons are we? Which class?"

"No reason. Just bored... and scared."

"About the task tomorrow?"

"Yeah," he admitted.

"I'm sure you'll do fine, Harry." she smiled. "And while I have to make appearances with Draco, I'll be rooting on Krum. Although, deep in my mind, I'll be cheering you on."

"Thanks Daph." he smiled as he held her hand.

"Potter!" scowled Mad-Eye as he came around the corner. They both moved their hands away.

"Professor Moody. How are you?" asked Daphne.

"Save it, Greengrass! I need to talk to Potter... alone."

"Okay," she said in a hissy voice. "See ya Potty!"

When she left, Mad-Eye looked at him with his magical eye.

"So, attracted to Slytherins, eh?"

"Sir, I... uh?"

"I know love when I see it. And given your history with Granger, this is an improvement. Now, I have business with you. Business about your Dragon."

"Well, I don't know what I'll do. I'm not sure if I'll be able to kill it."

"While I don't recommend you kill it without a reason, you need to have a plan."

"Like what?"

"Well, Krum and Karkaroff are putting their tiny brains together to figure something out, Delacour is smart as a Ravenclaw and will obviously have already thought of something."

"And Cedric?" he asked with attitude.

"Well, when he isn't screwing Granger, I know for a fact that he is more of a guy who improvises. And those are their skills, in one way."

"But I can't do anything special!"

"I hear you're a great Seeker, Potter."

"I'm fair, but I'm not allowed a broom."

"You're allowed a wand..." whispered Mad-Eye

The next day, Harry was all dressed in his First Task uniform and was walking back in forth in the Champion's tent. Cedric was sitting on a bed while Krum and Fleur also paced. Roars could be heard from the distance and this scared each of them. For whatever reason, Harry paced by the edge of the tent. He then heard a whisper.

"Harry, you there?"

He inched to the curtain.

"Daph? That you?" he answered.

"Yea, I... just came to wish you luck."

"I really appreciate it. I really do."

"In moments like this, all you have to do is concentrate, then..."

"Battle a dragon?"

Daphne quickly moved the curtain and swung her arms around him, kissing him full on the lips. The moment they had was interrupted by a flash of light. They separated and turned to see a camera man and Rita Skeeter walking toward them.

"Young love!" she said sadistically. "And with a Slytherin girl too! This'll be quite... stirring, maybe controversial." she continued to give an evil smirk. "Maybe, if everything goes well today, you two might even make the front page."

"You disgusting, evil, cun-" Daphne yelled, but being interrupted by Harry who kissed her to shut her up.

"Daph, Ignore her. Go and watch for me, okay?"

"Okay, if you say so." she said with honesty as she left.

"You have no business here." said Viktor to Rita. "This tent is for Champions... and friends." he looked at Harry.

"No matter, dear." said Rita. "We got what we came for."

After she left, Harry gave Krum a weak smile, who nodded. From behind, a hand touched his shoulder. It was Cedric. Harry, remembering the bit with Hermione, shrugged him off.

"Harry, I wanted to apologize about Hermione. I know you are friends and I deeply apologize."

"We were, at least for now. If she can learn to keep her legs closed, maybe we can be friends again. And you don't really need to apologize. From what I heard, she came after you. She can be very persuasive, trust me."

"Yeah, you're telling me. From what I heard, it's been her and Krum for a few weeks."

"Not surprised, really." he chuckled.

"Haha, same here."

Dumbledore, Bagman, and Barty Crouch came in and gave each a mini version of their dragon and what was to be expected. Krum got the Chinese Fireball, Fleur got the Welsh Green, Cedric got the Swedish Short-Snout, and Harry, dreading it, got the Hungarian Horntail. After waiting half an

hour, it was finally Harry's turn to face his dragon. As he stepped into the circular arena, he could hear his supporters chanting his name. For a second, he bathed in the glory of people cheering him on. That, however, was interrupted by the Horntail's tail smashing a rock as he approached.

He rolled behind a rock quickly as the dragon breathed his fire against the rock. Deep in the back seat, Daphne had her hand against her mouth, praying Harry would make it. Harry waved his wand and chanted "Accio Firebolt!"

He heard a whoosh coming from the skies and took a peek from behind the rock. He saw the broom coming just as the Horntail continued to breath fire. Harry ran for it and jumped off a small cliff, safety landing on his broom and riding it around the dragon, but still unable to retrieve the Golden Egg. The Horntail moved his neck and the chain came off, setting him free. As the crowd panicked, Harry flew off toward the castle and the Horntail followed.

Daphne gulped down hard as she watched Harry fly away with the dragon tailing him and feared the worst

"I hope you make it Harry." Daphne thought. *"We never even got to have our threesome."* this thought made her anxious a little.

After maybe five minutes, Harry came back with the dragon nowhere to be found. He flew down to the Egg and retrieved it, sending many in applause. Daphne could tell Harry had been through hell, but she didn't care.

Later, in the Common Room, Harry was getting thunderous applause from his fellow Gryffindors and he loved every second of it. Fred and George lifted him up onto their shoulders as Harry let everyone touch the egg. Seamus was the one who gave the egg back to Harry.

"Open it Harry, whats the clue?"

"You guys want me to open it?" he asked the crowd.

"YEAH!" they shouted.

He opened it by twisting the top and he was immediately dropped as a screeching sound came from the egg and everyone covered their ears from the loud noise. Harry was able to close the egg and the sound silenced.

"What the bloody fuck was that?!" asked Hermione, who came into the room alone.

Everyone got quiet as she entered and she approached Harry, looking very serious.

"Harry?"

"What do you want, Hermione? Telling me another lay you just came back from?"

"Seriously Harry, I know I've been..."

"Whoring around?"

"Yes, but I gave it some thought the other day. Is this what I want to be known as? The Gryffindor Slut?"

"Well, that was your own fault."

"I know, but... I need to change myself. Assert myself in my studies. Keep my mind off a man's cock."

"So, are you saying you're sorry?"

"Yes harry. I'm sorry for cheating on you and causing all this drama. Truth is, I'd like another chance with you. If you let

me."

"Hermione, I accept your apology, but very loosely. And truth is, I found someone. She's amazing and never hurt me. I'm not gonna tell you who she is, but you'll probably know soon enough."

"Harry..." she frowned and slowly began to cry.

*Hey guys, sorry I took a while with this one. Goodnews, I got a table and will be able to upload more often :) Stay tuned! Do you think Hermione means it? Will Harry get his threesome? Be prepared! Comment, Favorite, and Follow :)

22. Chapter 22

The night of surviving the First Task, Harry was exhausted. He remembered what Hermione told him, but he still didn't fully trust her. His feelings were to Daphne and no one else. Still, he felt uneasy about the whole thing. To take his mind off it, he grabbed some bed clothes and headed for the boys showers.

Once there, he stripped his clothes off and turned on the water. It was nice and hot, exactly how he liked it. He began to scrub himself when he heard footsteps. He grabbed his wand quickly from a ledge near him.

"Who's there?" he asked.

Ginny Weasley poked her head around the corner and this made Harry quickly cover himself up.

"Ginny? What are you doing here?"

"I... wanted to give you a congratulations." she moved out of the corner and showed him her naked body.

"Ginny, I... don't think I can accept."

"Harry, I've fancied you since you rescued me from the Chamber and Riddle. I never properly thanked you." she began walking toward him.

"Ginny, what about Ro-" he was shut up by her lips touching his.

"I don't care what Ron thinks. As long as you don't impregnate me, it doesn't matter."

"Ginny..." he tried to object, but he couldn't resist her Weasley charm. "Are you...?"

"Protected? Yeah. Mum told me of a spell just in case something like this happened."

"Gin..." he said as he grabbed her lower back and pulled her to him, kissing her deeply.

It was nice. Their lips went slow and passionately in the moment. His hands moved along her wet, soapy body. They landed on her butt cheeks and he felt them, a pleasure he secretly thought of from time to time.

"Gin, you have a nice arse." he chuckled.

"Thank you." she smiled. "Your penis is very big. Hermione was right."

"Well, she is the brightest witch of her age." he laughed.

Ginny smiled as she kneeled down and took his erection into her hand. Slowly she licked its length, giving him pleasure. Harry's eyes closed as he moaned. Ginny could tell he was enjoying it so much that she didn't hesitate in putting half of his length in her mouth. Harry gasped at this move and watched her as she bobbed up and down.

"Ginny!"

She did nothing except sucking him off. His hands cruised her wet red hair and even the wet hair smelled of strawberry. Even after this, Ginny stopped and saw her saliva drip a bit off his cock. Before she knew it, Harry moved to her level to the point of her laying on her back. Harry spread her legs slowly. He was eager to enter her and she noticed this.

"It's not my first time, Harry."

"Should I still go slow?"

"Yes, please."

Slowly he entered her, causing her to groan. As he lost himself in her, he noticed that she had not kept her eyes off him.

"You okay, Ginny?"

"It's just... I've wanted this for so long. I still can't believe this is happening."

"It is." he smiled as his whole erection was inside her.

Slowly he began to move back forth, hoping it wasn't too fast. Ginny nodded to him and he began to pick up speed. He could see her legs calming down a bit and without thinking, he picked up her left leg and placed it on his shoulder as he continued fucking her. Harry kissed and licked her leg multiple times as he thrust. Ginny moaned loudly, but the water muted the sound. He could tell she was enjoying it more than he had thought and wanted to do more.

He took himself out and turned her on her knees. He positioned himself, he thrust into her, going a normal pace so not to hurt her. He squeezed her butt cheeks as he thrust and a side of Ginny came out that he didn't expect.

"Harry, spank me."

"Excuse me?" he asked, shocked.

"SPANK ME!"

He did as she wanted and gave her a hard smack. She grunted, but it was a pleasurable spanking for her. She insisted on more, so that's what he did. This went on for a few more minutes until Harry reached his limit.

"Gin, I...!"

"Im all good Harry! Fill me up!"

And in one sudden big thrust, he unloaded in her. Ginny felt all of it and this caused her to moan her loudest. After the last drop escaped him, Harry exited her and sat down as her body dropped shortly to the wet floor.

"Gin, that was amazing!"

"You were..." she panted. "the best... I... ever had."

"First time sucked eh?"

"Yeah, Neville was terrible."

"Neville?!"

"It was at start of term. He told me that he had no one and it was more of pitty sex. While good, it wasn't as good as now."

"You're crazy Ginny." he laughed.

23. Chapter 23

The next morning, Harry arrived in the Great Hall to people staring at him and whispering. Seamus had just come into the Great Hall with the morning edition of the Daily Prophet and handed it to him. The cover shocked him, but he wasn't all too surprised. It read: ***Champion Love? Gryffindor Love Conspiracy?!***

Harry grew all shades of red, but was also so angry about this. He sat down by Ron and Dean Thomas, opened it to the page, and read more:

Looks like love is blooming at Hogwarts! Before the infamous First task of the Triwizard Tournament began, I was lucky to discover a secret romance between Harry Potter, 12 year old participant and Daphne Greengrass, a Slytherin classmate of his. What a scandal! Even with all my years, I never expected such a thing would happen! Will this romance last? Will it blossom into more? No word on how Harry and Daphne are feeling about this. Stay tuned!

-Rita Skeeter

He threw the newspaper hard on the table and grew frustrated.

"That evil... no good... RAH!" he shouted.

"It's all right Harry. We don't judge ya." said Seamus.

"Potter!" shouted a familiar voice. It was Draco, accompanied by Pansy, Crabbe, and Goyle. "So, what's this I hear about you and Greengrass?"

"Draco." said Harry softly. "I'm not really in the mood right now for your shit."

"Oh, testy are we?" Draco sneered. "Potter, if you think I'm gonna let this slide, you're sadly mistaken. Daphne is MY girl, not yours or anyone else's."

"Excuse me?!" shouted a voice Harry wanted to hear. "Draco, I belong to no one!" shouted Daphne as she stood by Harry's side.

"Daph, you and me are together. We have been for the past year." said Draco.

"Oh, get your head out of your arse! We were never together! You stalked me for a year because I said no to a date! I don't even like you all that much!"

"You'd rather have... Potty?!" Draco shouted angrily.

"At least he's more of a man!" she took Harry's face and kissed him deeply, making Draco grow more angry and having people whisper more.

"Daphne," said Pansy. "If you'd rather be with.. Potter, then we can't be friends anymore."

"If you can't accept me for who I love, then good riddance to the lot of you!"

"What's going on here?" asked Snape, who had just came into the Great Hall.

"Nothing sir." said Draco. "Just seeing if the rumors were true." Draco walked away with his friends.

"I'm sorry Professor." said Daphne.

"Just go sit down, Greengrass. You too Potter."

Daphne kissed Harry and went to her table.

"Mr. Potter, having a liking for snakes, are we?"

"Sir?" wondered Harry.

"Normally I don't pay attention to student affairs, but I must voice myself. If you indeed wish to pursue something with Ms. Greengrass, I won't stop you. Neither will Draco, I can assure you."

"But...?"

"Be careful. I know her father and he is old fashioned. Would probably kill you if he found out."

"For being a Gryffindor?"

"Indeed. He only wants Slytherin blood in his family. Would be a shame if he had to disown his own daughter for such a silly thing."

"Doesn't he read the Daily Prophet?"

"Yes, but he and his friends think the Prophet lies."

"Well, thank you Professor."

"Mmm..." sneered Snape. "Should I ever see you and Mr. Malfoy going at it again, it'll be a weeks detention for you."

"Yes sir."

Snape left and Harry sat down with Ron, Seamus, and Dean. After a while, Hermione came in and sat with them. Ron was less than pleased.

"What's she doing here?" Ron asked Harry.

"She apologized to me yesterday. We are good again, but I don't know for how long."

"Ronald, I've changed." said Hermione. "I've been such a whore and it's made studying all the worse." she admitted. "I want to prove to most of you that I'm a new woman."

"Well, If Harry's okay with it, than maybe I can to." said Seamus as Ron and Dean agreed.

Lunch time arrived quickly and it was just like old times. The three of them laughed hysterically about stupid things and every so often, Daphne sat with them. Hermione was itchy about him with a Slytherin, but she didn't want to ruin his happiness. As they talked, a boy dropped off a package for Ron and then ran off. He opened it up and took out what appeared to be a very old, but traditional dress robe.

"Mum sent me a dress?!" shouted Ron.

"Well it does match your eyes." joked Harry. "is there a bonnet?" he grabbed it out of the box. "Ah ha!"

"Oh, bugger off."

"Why would he get a dress robe?" asked Daphne.

"For a great occasion, Ms. Greengrass!" said Professor McGonagall as she approached them. "Very... nice, Mr. Weasley."

"Occasion, Professor?" asked Hermione.

"I'll tell Gryffindor House tomorrow at 2pm. In the meantime, Mr. Potter, have you discovered your clue yet?"

"Not yet, Professor."

"Well, you better hurry. The Second Task will be here before you know it." she said before leaving the crew.

Later on, Harry was sitting under a tree near the Lake with Daphne in his arms, sitting in front of her.

"Harry?"

"What is it?" he asked concerned.

"I'm happy our secret is out there. We couldn't do this without people whispering."

"Yeah, but some are still whispering."

"True, but it's mostly people who are buggers."

"Yeah," he chuckled. "I'm glad too."

"And I don't care about my old crew. If they can't accept it, then they can rot in the lake for all I care."

"How close were you to any of them?"

"Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle all had a thing for me. Pansy always felt like the outcast. I always had the feeling she was... attracted to me as well."

"Is she bi?"

"She never told me anything like that. She might be, actually."

"What if your dad finds out? Snape told me."

"I don't care if daddy disowns me or what, but I'm with you and he can't make me change that."

"I love you Daphne." he said.

"I love you more, Harry." she said as they kissed. "No matter what people say, you're MY Champion."

"Well," he smiled. "you're my girl."

"Damn straight." she whispered as she moved up to him and they started to make out.

Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle were hiding a distance away from him and the three grew angry.

"Potter thinks he can steal my girl and not pay? He's sadly mistaken!" smiled Draco.

"Malfoy, what can we do?" asked Goyle.

"Well, I am going to teach him a lesson."

"But he's a Champion!" said Crabbe. "You could get in trouble."

"Potter needs to pay!"

What they didn't know was that Professor Moody was watching the three hooligans plotting Harry's demise and that was not okay by his book.

*Hope you enjoyed! I am uploading more which is what I really wanted to do! Sorry if this and last chapter were short. I'll try to lengthen them next time! Stay tuned!

24. Chapter 24

The older Gryffindor's gathered the next day in the Great Hall where McGonagall was waiting for them. Once the girls and guys sat down, she started.

"Now, it is our job as Heads of House to inform you of of this most formal occasion. Now, The Yule Ball has been a tradition since the Tournament was first enacted. I shouldn't have to tell you that this is most important and any acts other then formal will be met with harsh punishment. In other words, if you act like a bumbling band of baboons, you will get a months detention. No excuses."

Everyone was quiet. Even the Weasley Twins dared not say anything.

"Now, as representatives of the host school, I expect all of you to put your best foot forward. mainly because the Ball is basically a school dance."

The girls grew excited while the boys groaned.

"SILENCE!" shouted McGonagall. "Need I remind you that the Wizarding Community has gained the respect of Godric Gryffindor in nearly 10 centuries?"

"Professor?" asked Seamus as he raised his hand.

"yes, Mr. Finnigan?"

"Do we have to get dates?"

"It would be wise. I'd hate for one of you to show up alone."

Harry stared at the girls group and eyed Hermione, then Katie. He knew people would expect him to take Daphne,

since everyone knew about them. When the meeting was over, Harry fast walked out of there without hesitation. As he made his way around a corner near the 5th floor, Katie took him aside. She looked at him and kissed him deeply.

"K-Katie, you know im-"

"Everyone knows you and Daphne have a thing. You're not dating, right?"

"W-We're not dating, but-" she kissed him to shut him up.

"Then as far as many of the girls are concerned, you're ripe for the taking." she grabbed his hand and took him away.

On the 7th floor, she took him to a room that actually had magically appeared and Harry had never noticed it before. Inside was a massive bed and that's all there was. Once the door was closed, it locked automatically and Katie turned to him.

"Welcome to the Come And Go Room. I found it a few weeks ago."

"Wow. Never knew this existed."

"Many don't." she turned to him and moved his hand onto her breast. "Do you want me, Harry?"

"I... do, bu-"

"Shhh," she whispered as she put a finger on his lips. "Take me Harry. Like you did at the World Cup."

They moved to the bed and Harry moved on her, them both falling onto the bed as they made out. Harry moved his hands up her shirt and discovered she had no bra on. Katie

quickly removed her shirt and let Harry starts licking her nipples. Her head tilted back and she moaned.

"Oh, Harry." she whispered.

Her hand dived into her skirt and she played with herself as he played with her. As he had fun, he pulled Katie's skirt and panties off and threw them far across the room. Her hand moved quickly as Harry started fingering her. She groaned pleasurably and attempted to say his name, but all that came out was moans.

"Yeah, like that Katie?" Harry said calmly.

All she could do was moan. As his finger penetrated her, he moved down and began licking her sweet spot and the juice she was producing. He remembered their first time well, but was surprised by how much was leaking out of her. Katie Bell was really horny for him. After a while, Katie got really edgy. Katie laid there still and Harry undid his pants so that his erection was free.

"Fuck me Harry. I need it NOW!"

Harry nodded slowly and thrust into her with hesitation. It had been so long since he felt her insides. Katie moaned happily and urged him to pick it up. Harry smiled, lifted her legs onto his shoulders and faster. He watched as her breasts moved back and forth.

"Oh Harry!" she moaned loudly. "Ravish me, you fucking stud!"

After one more hard thrust, he stopped, which got Katie upset. He turned her around and did her doggystyle, which Katie loved. Harry spanked her multiple times as he did her.

"Harry!" she shouted. "You're so vicious!"

"Damn straight!" he said.

Like an animal, he thrust into her harder and harder until he had the urge to orgasm. He told Katie and she had him take it out and cum in her mouth. For less than a minute, she gave him a master blowjob until he released all his seed into her mouth. Harry, feeling exhausted, laid on the bed as did Katie. She cuddled next to him while swallowing the rest of his cum.

"Wow Harry, I almost forgot how amazing you were."

"Same here, Katie." he laughed.

Weeks later, Harry kept to his studies while having the occasional alone time with Daphne. It was more cuddling than anything else, but neither minded. Daphne and Harry did have a heart to heart talk one night though after intercourse.

"Harry, I know you love me." she said as she got dressed.
"And i love you the same."

"But...?"

"Bell told me about you guys fucking and I really don't have a problem with it. It's just... I don't want you telling one of your floozies that you love them. Not Bell, not Granger, not my sister, not any other girl."

"Babe, you know I'd never say the L word to anyone else but you." he took her hand.

"I know, but I don't want, lets say... Eloise Midgen coming to me and her saying you confessed your love to her."

"Daph, I wouldn't hit that with a ten million inch stick."

"I know." she giggled. "Just for example."

"Good," he laughed. "Come here and lets cuddle."

"Oh, you're such a cuddle monster, Champion." she said happily.

She climbed onto the bed with him and they cuddled, just staying in place for a good half hour, just chatting.

"But seriously, you are the only girl I'll say LOVE to. No one else."

"I'm glad." she whispered.

"The Second Task draws closer."

"Have you figured out the Egg yet?"

"No, but soon. Maybe I'll ask Cedric for help. Or Professor Moody."

"He scares me, Mad-Eye."

"Yeah, but he's really been there, ya know? Looked evil in the eye."

"Yes, but something about him seems off. I don't know."

"Yeah. You talked to your sister recently about our... threesome?"

"yes, and she wants to do it whenever we're ready."

"Are we? Because I am."

"Yes. Yes we are."

25. Chapter 25

The following week, Harry spent more time with Daphne, but he felt uneasy about the whole thing. He wanted to ask her to the Yule Ball, but he wasn't sure how to approach her about it. Finally, one day after classes, he cornered her in the Dungeons.

"Daph, I need to talk to you."

"Harry, I spoke to Astoria an-"

"No," he interrupted. "it's not about that."

"Then what?" she asked, concerned.

"I was wondering if you wanted to go to the Yule Ball together."

"Well," she smiled. "I'd very much like that. Yes, my answer is yes."

"Great!" he said happily as he kissed her. "Do you think Ron would wanna go with Astoria?"

"I doubt it. You know as well as I that Weasley has no love for Slytherins."

"That is true, but I'm not sure who'd go with him."

"I'd ask around." she smiled before leaving.

Back in the Common Room, Harry was reading one of his books when Ron came in with Ginny and Hermione. Ron had a shattered look on his face.

"What happened to you?"

"He asked Fleur Delacour to the Ball." said Ginny.

"What did she say?"

"No of course." said hermione. Harry gave her a serious look before looking to Ron.

"There I was walking by." said Ron. "I couldn't help it. It slipped out."

"Actually, he screamed at her. I began to fear for her life." said Ginny.

"What then?" asked Harry.

"What else could I do? I ran for it. Scared out of my mind." said Ron. "I ain't cut out for this, Harry."

As Ron was sorrowing in his pity, he noticed Parvarti Patil passing him. He thought about it and decided to ask her. Harry caught up to her, much to her surprise.

"Parvarti, hey!"

"Hello Harry. What's up?"

"Say, er... do you have a date to the Ball?"

"Are you asking me, Harry? I thought you were taking Greengrass?"

"Oh, I am! It's just Ron needs a date."

"Sorry Harry, but I'm going with Neville." she smiled.

"Actually, maybe Padma would want to. She doesn't have a date yet herself."

"Great! Let me know!"

"Noproblem Harry. And can I just say something?"

"Sure,"

"I'm happy for you and Daphne."

"Thanks Parvarti." he smiled.

The night of the Yule Ball had approached and everyone was anxious with excitement. Harry was in the Great Hall with Ron. Both were looking handsome and strapping in their dress robes. From upstairs, Ron saw Padma in a light blue dress and even Harry admitted that she looked beautiful.

"Hello boys." said Padma. "Ron, you look most... dashing!"

"Padma, no need to lie." chuckled Harry. "This is a dress robe from his Great Aunt Tessy."

"Oh, bugger off Harry!" joked Ron.

"Speaking of which, where is Daphne, Harry?" asked Padma.

"Soon," said Harry.

As he said this, Padma's mouth dropped as they all saw Daphne come up the stairs in a gorgeous emerald dress and her hair was tied back. Harry licked his lips and gulped in nervousness at the sight of her beauty.

"Harry," she said sweetly. "How do I look?"

"Utterly beautiful, Daph."

"Aww, thank you." she looked at him in his dress robe and smiled. "You look very handsome yourself."

"Oh, Potter!" shouted McGonagall as she came into the room. "I hope you and Ms. Greengrass are ready?"

"For?" asked Harry confused.

"To dance! It's traditional for the Champions to have the first dance! Didn't I tell you that?"

"No,"

"Oh, well now you know." she looked to Ron and Padma. "Mr. Weasley, you may proceed into the Great Hall with Ms. Patil."

Harry and Daphne stood behind Cedric and Cho Chang, who were behind Viktor Krum and Hermione, who were behind Fleur and a 7th Year Ravenclaw boy. The doors opened and the Champions walked on into the winter like Great Hall. They all were in separate parts of the dance floor and even Harry could see people looking at him and his date. Harry didn't care in the slightest. All he wanted was an enjoyable evening with Daphne.

"Harry, my waist." Daphne whispered.

He took her waist just as the music started and the dancing began. Once Harry got used to the moves, it was second nature. Soon, Dumbledore and McGonagall joined in and many others joined.

Even Daphne was enjoying herself more than Harry expected. When the Weird Sisters performed later on, they both stopped dancing and sat on down with Ron and Padma. Ron gave Daphne a distasteful look, which got her attention.

"Weasley, what's with that look?"

"I still can't believe you and Harry are a thing." said Ron smugly.

"For your information, we aren't dating yet!"

"You might as well be."

"Do you have something against me, Weasley?!" she shouted as she stood up.

"You're a Slytherin." said Ron as he too stood up. "You're the enemy."

Harry held onto Daphne as Padma held onto Ron. Daphne started getting more pissed off

"Harry, I'm your best bloke and I must express myself." said Ron. "I can't understand why you'd wanna be with a Slytherin like her."

"Ron, she is a good person if you just got to know her! She's not like Malfoy. She's a good person!"

"I doubt it, mate. All Slytherin are worthless scum."

"RON!" shouted Padma and Harry.

It was at that point that tears began to befall Daphne and she rushed out of the Great Hall. Harry looked at Ron with a 'you went too far' look and rushed after Daphne. He saw her crying at the steps of the staircase and shaking. he sat down next to her and held her close. She cried her tears on his chest.

"He's wrong, Daph. You aren't worthless. Ron's just being stupid."

"He's just a... fucking prick!" she tried to say with all the tears.

"It's okay." he said as he held her close. "You know I'm here." he kissed her forehead.

"I know." she cried. "You're the only one I can count on."

"You know, it'll all get better."

"How?"

"Well, this for starters." he said as he tilted her head up and kissed her. This made her smile.

"Love you Harry."

"I love you more, Daph."

*Sorry if I made Ron into a random asshole there, but it was the time for him to show how he felt about the Harry/Daphne pair. Will he accept it? Maybe! Stay tuned :)

26. Chapter 26

A week after the Yule Ball, the first snowfall of the new year arrived. Harry was still not talking to Ron for what he said about Daphne. Strangely, Hermione was the only one Harry could talk to. They were standing on the bridge, looking to the distance, just talking.

"Harry, you know Ron didn't mean it."

"Hermione, Ron's never been fond of Slytherin's. He told me this when I first met him on the train."

"Well, can't he just accept it since he's your best friend?"

"It's not that simple with Ron."

"Harry," she whispered. "At the Ball, I saw the way you looked at Daphne."

"And?"

"I could tell that you love her. Am I right?"

"Yeah," Harry looked at her. "I really do."

"Well, tell Ron that. If he has any sort of respect for you, he'll accept it. He might not approve, but he'll learn to live with it."

"Harry, I know I apologized to you about my activities, but I want you to know that I... lo-"

"Potter!" shouted Cedric, who ran up to them.

"Cedric," Harry nodded.

"H-How are you?"

"Spectacular,"

"Look, I'm sorry about the Ball. I heard about Ron being rude to that Daphne girl."

"Thank you Cedric. I calmed her down a bit, so it's... fixed, I hope."

"Right," he looked to Hermione. "Granger." he nodded.

"Cedric," said Hermione, holding back the urge to hit him.

"Harry, have you figured out the Egg yet?" he asked Harry.

"Haven't been able to." said Harry honestly.

"Well... the prefects bathroom isn't a bad place for a bath." he whispered into his ear. Harry looked confused. "Submerge it in water. That's all I can say." Cedric said before leaving.

That night, Harry was stripping himself as he got into the water of the massive tub meant for prefects. He took the Egg and submerged into the water.

"Come seek us where our voices sound. We cannot sing above the ground. An hour long you'll have to look. To recover what we took." sang the voice in the Egg.

When he came up for air, he coughed a few times before setting the Egg away from him. As he rested there, he heard someone come in. She was singing in French and Harry had a feeling who it was.

"Fleur!"

"Oh, hello 'Arry."

"W-What are you doing here?" he asked covering up his crotch.

"I 'eard thiz waz the perfect plaze for bathing." she removed her cotton robe and it dropped. She stepped into the water beside him. He really tried to cover up his erection.

"I-I'll just leave yo-"

"No!" she objected. "please ztay, 'Arry."

"Why?"

"I waz told you'd be 'ere. I wanted to zee you... in your entirety."

Her hand moved through the water as she moved his hands and felt his erection. Fleur wrapped her fingers around it and began stroking him. Harry looked at her and knew there was no escaping it. He leaned in and kissed her.

"What about that guy who-"

"He waz juzt my date. Nothing elze, 'Arry."

Fleur moved her hand and swan right on top of him. She lowered herself on his erection until it was fully inside her. She moaned loudly and looked as though she'd been in heaven. Harry held her as she began to move.

"'Arry, you're zo big!"

Harry was deep in pleasure and couldn't reply. Fleur didn't have the biggest breasts, but they were big enough to jiggle as she bounced on his cock. Harry grabbed her breasts and suckled them as she bounced. Fleur held onto his head as they did so and noticed how smooth and silky his hair was.

Harry tilted his head up and kissed her. What he didn't expect was her tongue entering his mouth and she moved it along his.

After a few minutes, Harry had her get off and she bent over the edge of the tub. He then started fucking her from behind. He admitted that her ass was very nice and big, compared to other ass'. Fleur rested her head on the hard floor and spoke in French with each hard thrust he gave her. Harry didn't understand it, but he knew it was pleasurable words. Spanking her without question was a good idea as Fleur asked for more of it.

Harry was so caught up in it that he didn't realize that he had cum inside Fleur. She panted heavily as her own fluid leaked into the water. He took himself out and hopped out of the water.

"'Arry," panted Fleur. "That waz... amazing!"

"Yeah? You were pretty damn good to Fleur."

"Oui! Now, I've had zex with all the Championz!"

"You have?"

"Oui! Cedric waz the bezt when he fucked me and you were the firzt to give me an orgazm."

"Viktor?"

"Decent, 'Arry. Hiz cock waz too zmall." she giggled.

"So, he WAS contemplating for something."

"Oui!"

Fleur got dressed, kissed him, and left. From above, Harry heard a very familiar voice.

"Harry, you naughty boy." said the ghoulish girl.

"Myrtle? You saw?"

"Saw? I heard AND watched it all! You are a savage! Oh, how I wish I were alive."

"Oh well," he said. Once dressed, he began to leave.

"Oh, Harry?"

"Yes Myrtle?"

"I thought you'd like to know that Miss Fleur sleeps with many guys here at Hogwarts. Being a Veela and all."

"Well, Veela's aren't sluts. They just set off the pheromones."

"Maybe so, but you should know that she doesn't protect herself. So..."

"I may of gotten her pregnant?" he asked.

"maybe," she winked before floating away.

"Crap,

27. Chapter 27

Weeks and weeks passed by and it was the day of the Second Task. Harry, under advice from Professor Moody, sought out Neville and informed him of Gillyweed, a plant that can be used to help him breath under water. Even so, he was nervous about Fleur. She had not been protected during their sexual encounter and he was afraid he had gotten her pregnant. Before departing for the task, he confronted her.

"Zilly 'Arry!" she laughed. "You iz not ze firzt to azk about that. My mother put a charm on me when I waz very little. I can't get pregnant until zhe removez ze Charm herzelf."

"Wow, that is a relief Fleur."

"Oui. You could cum in me a million timez and I can't get pregnant." she smiled. "Come, we can't be late for ze Tazk."

Once at the Lake, Harry bumped into Daphne who held his arm the whole time to the starting line. He could not see Ron or Hermione anywhere, but he knew they were watching him. It was him, Cedric, Krum, and Fleur. They were all set to get this Task underway. Dumbledore then began to speak.

"Something was stolen from one of our Champions last night and is being guarded by the Merpeople of the Lake. Champions, good luck!"

Harry swallowed his Gillyweed rather fast and just in time. The cannon sounded and three of the Champions dove into the water while Harry was pushed in by Mad-Eye. As he struggled for air, he slowly began to notice his growing gills and webbed feet/hands. He could breath easily and thus started to look for his 'something'.

As he searched, he encountered one of the Merpeople, a female to be exact. She looked at him with interest. This threw Harry off and almost made him vomit.

"Sorry, not interested. Beastiality is where I draw the lline."

She hissed at him and swam away. It wasn't much longer until he came upon ruins of an underwater castle, where he saw four people being held by a ball and chain: Cho, Hermione, Ron, and Gabrielle, Fleur's sister. He looked around and saw other Merpeople swimming around. He saw Cedric coming up behind him and he grabbed Cho's arm and hinted at his watch. Cedric blasted the chain and swam up.

Harry grabbed his wand and aimed it at Hermione's chain, but was stopped by a Mermaid.

"Only one!"

"She's my friend too!"

"Only one!"

Then, he saw the Merpeople swim away in fear. he turned and saw a shark heading toward him, which he dodged as it bit through Hermione's chain and he swam to the surface with Hermione in his hand. Harry couldn't see Fleur anywhere, so he blasted Gabrielle's chain and Ron. He pushed them up so they'd get to the surface themselves just as he began to be attacked by Grindylows, tiny Merpeople with vicious appetites.

"Ascendio!" he shouted.

He jolted to the surface and got sent from the water to the starting platform, where Dumbledore was. he coughed up

some water, but he was still alive. Daphne was by his side, helping him dry himself off while kissing him over and over.

"Harry, you scared me!" she cried. "I was afraid the Grindylows got you."

"I'm fine, Daph." he assured her.

Ron stepped forward, but faced Daphne instead of Harry. He extended his hand.

"I'm sorry about what I said. I can see that you and Harry care for each other deeply. I support you guys in your relationship."

"Thank you, Weasley." she shook his hand. "That's all I wanted from you."

Dumbledore gathered the Champions around and began to speak.

"The Winner is... Mr. Diggory! Who used a perfect example of the Bubble-Head Charm. However, Mr. Potter would've been here first if it hadn't been for his devotion to rescue Mr. Weasley plus the others. So, the judges have agreed to award him second place!"

"Second place!" cheered Daphne to Harry, who was shocked.

On land, Harry was approached by Barty Crouch, who congratulated him on his win. The two talked for a while until Mad-Eye saw them and brought up the Department of Mysteries, a section of the Ministry of Magic. He flicked his tongue in a fashion and Crouch noticed it quickly. He began to walk away in fear when Mad-Eye grinned.

"And they say I'm mad!"

He nodded to Harry who kept on walking with Daphne, who inched to his ear.

"What do ya say to some congratulations sex?" she whispered.

"Sounds hot." he grinned. "I'm in."

After their sex, Harry felt uneasy. They laid there in their birthday suits and cuddled.

"Harry, something is bothering you. I know it."

"There is, actually."

"Well?"

"I had sex with Fleur a few weeks ago."

"Not surprising. She's seduced all the Durmstrang boys and most upper class Hogwarts boys."

"And I... came inside her."

"She can't get pregnant, Harry."

"H-How?!" he asked, completely not expecting that.

"Her mom-"

"No, I mean how did you know?"

"Word gets around." she giggled.

"I'll say."

"And that was a test."

"What was?"

"I wanted to see if you would ever tell me if you thought you got a girl pregnant. You did and now I know you will tell me anything that's on your mind. Good and bad."

"You're not mad?"

"No," she smiled. "I love you too much to get mad about stupid things."

"What if I really got a girl pregnant?"

"If it's not me, then I'd hex your big cock off your body." she joked.

"You are so bad, Ms. Greengrass."

"Love you harry." she smiled.

"Love you too." he kissed her.

28. Chapter 28

After the Second Task, Harry was not so eager to find what the third Task was. Neither were any of the other Champions. Krum steered from anyone that wasn't Durmstrang, Cedric hung out with Cho mostly, and Fleur acted like Harry didn't exist, much to his pleasure. Still, it was sort of peaceful for Harry.

That night, Hagrid was given permission to let Harry, Ron, and Hermione sleep over with him in the Forbidden Forest. Ron was skeptical about Hermione joining, but Hagrid had no clue about Hermione in the last few months. The three walked along with Hagrid when the sun began to set and headed into the Forest.

"I remember when I first meet, you all." said Hagrid. "Biggest bunch of misfits I ever laid eyes on!"

"We're still misfits," joked Ron.

"That too. And Harry, soon to be the youngest Triwizard champion ever!"

Hagrid, Hermione, and Ron began singing the Hogwarts theme as Harry's mind wandered.

Night fell each had their own tents. Hagrid and Ron quickly fell asleep, but Harry remained awake. Scared for what the Third task held. As he began to drift, he was awoken to the sound of his tent opening and Hermione snuck in and turned on a dim light.

"Harry," she whispered. "I really can't handle myself right now!"

"What do you mean?"

"Merlin's beard, I'm horny, you daft wizard!"

"We talked about this, Hermione. NO!"

"Harry!" she protested. "I didn't bring any of my toys, otherwise I wouldn't be here!"

"Not my problem."

"You are so fucking ignorant! A horny woman is standing before you and you're refusing her?!"

"Remember our talk?"

"Yes, but can't you make an exception for one bloody night?!"

"Hermione!"

"Harry, so help me, I'll fucking hex you AND Daphne both if you don't fucking fuck me! And you know I'm really good with spells!"

"Ugh," he sighed. "Fine, just this once."

"Yay!" she cheered quietly as she quite forcefully pulled Harry's PJs off.

Hermione acted like a lion to a gazelle as she took his erection and started blowing it like crazy. Even this caught Harry off guard. He did agree that she was indeed horny. He laid his head back and relaxed as his old flame sucked him like a madwoman.

"The way she does this, it's just as good as Daphne." he thought.

As she continued, Harry sat up and removed his shirt and tossed it behind him. Before long, Hermione took his cock from her mouth and licked her lips and smiled at him.

"Geez, I've missed this for so long, Harry."

"Apparently so," he joked.

"Okay," she said as she removed her shirt and bottoms.

Harry hadn't seen her naked body in so long, it caused him to harden even more. She moved above him so his cock lined with her soaking pussy. Hermione looked down at him and she gave the biggest smile he had ever seen. As if not controlling herself, she moved down on him and it entered her in one swoop.

"Shit!" she said. "It's been so long, I think I might've tightened."

"Well, you were spread by lots of guys." he said honestly.

"Oh, fuck you Harry." she said angrily. "Now, shut up and enjoy my company."

"Yes ma'am."

Her hands rested on his chest as she began to move up and down. She moaned very low, but Harry could tell she wanted to be louder. His hands grabbed onto her ass cheeks and he held her up as she bounced. her breasts weren't that big, but Harry didn't mind. They bounced in place before his eyes. As if on cue, Hermione got a bit louder and started moving faster.

"Harry!" she whispered. "Merlin, it's coming back! Memories of us fucking! So passionate! Oh, Merlin! So... FUCKING

GOOD HARRY!"

"God, Hermione!" Harry moaned. "You're so... fucking beautiful!"

Soon, hermione got up off him and went on her knees. She moved her legs so he'd have a good entrance point. As if he was a dog with a bone, he went at it and began fucking her from behind. Holding her hips giving it all to her, hermione mentally was screaming in pleasure.

As he fucked her hard, her butt bounced along to the rhythm of his movements. The more he slmmed against her hips, the more wild she got. For being a bookworm, Hermione was such a crazy girl.

After a few minutes of this, Hermione quickly got off him and laid on her back, spreading her legs far apart for him.

"Don't fucking say a word, Harry." she gave him a stern look. "Just fuck me!"

Harry didn't want to argue. He moved close to her and penetrated her without mercy. She groaned, but quickly subsided. He took her right leg and rose it high and against his shoulder before beginning to fuck her. Harry kissed her foot and licked as much leg as he could, which excited her.

"Don't stop Harry. Fuck your naughty, little Granger whore!"

He pushed in deep, thrusting harder for her and a bit faster. Hermione made her famous 'O' shape in her mouth and Harry knew he must be doing something right. The more he thrust, the more she moaned his name.

"HARRY! HARRY! FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK MEEEE!"

In what seemed like eons, Harry finally felt the urge.

"Hermione!" he shouted quietly as he exited her and stroked himself until he shot his cum on her boobs.

Afterwards, Harry plopped onto his sleeping bag next to Hermione, who cuddled against his arm.

"I really needed that Harry," she said happily. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Remember, it was only once."

"I know," she smiled. "What a memory this will make."

"Hey, you better get to your tent soon. Ron will get pissed if he finds you in here."

"So true," she said as she got her PJ's. "Night Harry," she kissed him before leaving nude."

Half an hour later, Harry was still up, still panting from the sexual experience when he faintly saw a flash of green light. Harry put on a light coat and went out of his tent and toward the source.

"Lumos," he whispered.

Light shined out of his wand and he slowly made his way to a bunch of tree's. He could hear footsteps running quickly from the scene, but he barely noticed it. Instead, he noticed the deceased body of Barty Crouch.

Sorry if this one was short, but I didn't think of anymore to do with this chapter. For the time being, I'll focus on finising this story up before continuing the other. Comment, Favorite, and Follow :)